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## A CHAPTER ON MEMORY.

Memory is that faculty by which we retain the record, or rather shall I say the consciousness of past events and impressions. It is the golden thread which connects the several stages of our existence.—Without it, life would resemble the dream of the sleeper—the vagaries of the lunatic. The *me* of this instant moment would stand in absolute isolation, and our being would consist of little else than a feeling of blank and idiotic amazement. Knowledge would be of impossible attainment; and Hope, the bright winged messenger of Heaven, would find no resting place in the human breast. Without a remembered past, there could be no suggestion or imagination of a future; and even revelation itself would fail to arouse a mind which, retaining no traces of a previous moment, could not be brought to appreciate or care for a coming event destined to find it absolutely devoid of expectation, because of the total oblivion of all prophecy.

There was indeed a profound significance in the expression put by Æschylus into the mouth of his Prometheus Vincetus, when he calls memory “the mother of the Muses; the parent of all things.” Kant speaks of memory as “the most wonderful of all the powers of the mind.” Not without reason; for the retention of an image is the first condition of the possibility of an intellectual reaction on it—the peculiar wonder,” says Feuchtersleben, “of the revelation of our twofold nature.”

Upon what is our personal identity founded? There can be no question more obscure or difficult to answer. Our material condition is assumed to undergo a perpetual change. At the moment of being born we begin to die, and our ephemeral organs perish in and by the very actions that develop them. The atoms thus consumed in use, are substituted by new atoms deposited to supply the wear and waste incurred, and at no two pe-

riods of our lives are we absolutely the same in composition. According to the universal belief, we must undergo, and after the lapse of a certain interval, must have undergone a total change; and every particle of matter which, at the commencement of the period constituted a portion of us, must have been eliminated and thrown off, to have its place supplied by a fresh and new particle derived from without. Nor is the substitution precise and exact. Our organs do not retain the same form; they vary in bulk and density, with numerous contingencies; and ultimately the inconstant supply must surely fail—the wear and waste must predominate, and age, with its gradual atrophy and decay, steals over us with inevitable steps.

How, then, are we the same at different epochs? or how is it possible to predicate personal identity as existing between the infant of the last century, and the old man of to-day? Memory, I have said, is the golden thread which runs through and binds together these vast intervals of being. All that we know or can imagine of conscious identity is based upon this record—this registered history; so essential, yet so imperfect; so indispensable, yet after all so unsatisfying; for even memory does not take hold of every portion of the space that separates them. Much of the earlier, if ever committed to its keeping, (which may be doubted,) has not been retained; and of the later, much, very much has been blotted and effaced, if not lost. Our mental relations of identity are not less obscure than the material. The mind of the living embryo, of the infant, of the child, has little or nothing more in common with the adult and aged man than his bodily and material structure.—What and where was it in our

puling infancy? Of the twilight of our early childhood, what gleaming ray has daguerreotyped any permanent impression! "Memory," says Dumas, "is the shadow of the past," a beautiful and highly poetical idea. But of these moments of our primal existence, neither light nor shade has left any traces: all is one dreary blank. We seem to ourselves to have begun to live only where we begin to remember; but we can scarcely hope to ascertain where we shall fix that point—Tennyson's "dewy dawn of memory."

It is not easy to imagine or admit that our life is ever an automatic existence in the absolute sense—entirely without consciousness of action on the one hand, and of impression on the other.—The capacities must all be original, inherent and organic; their development must be gradual; there can be no abrupt change, although the first definable step in any direction must seem like the result of a new gift, an added power. The first impression made upon consciousness must—to become an impression—find and awaken the faculty of receiving it and of appending and appreciating it, however dimly.—With this power of reception, apprehension and appreciation, we cannot but connect the power to retain in proportional degree. But *where* do these powers, this susceptibility reside? Wherever they are found, *there* must be the seat of memory.

The mind enlarges only by an accumulation of impressions retained. Education increases both the capacity to apprehend and to retain, and education consists chiefly of repetition of impressions, *repetition* of which Wyttienbach has so emphatically affirmed the importance in another relation.

What becomes of our personal identity from the moment when we

cease to remember retrospectively? What in the forgotten intervals? Is it not under these contingencies rather a question of testimony than of consciousness? In the accounts which are offered to us from so many quarters, of very early traces remaining engraved upon the mind for long after years, there is an inherent confusion to be encountered, and if possible, disentangled. How are we to distinguish between recollections reaching back to the alleged dates?—as when DeQuincy and others relate to us infant anecdotes and events—how shall we distinguish between such distant recollections and the more recent impressions made by parents and nurses who witnessed the facts alluded to, and afterwards recited them again and again, by every repeated recital, engraving anew, lines which but for this would have been entirely effaced. But these lines could not possibly have followed precisely those drawn upon or by our own internal consciousness; and thus, if both remain they must become mingled or confused, or one must cover and hide, if not obliterate the other. Is it not certain then that we remember, even with regard to our own selves, rather the history of facts that we have heard others recite, or that we ourselves recited, than the facts themselves which actually took place, and which at the time affected our consciousness. "I am inmosty convinced," says Goethe, "that man in the present, and still more in his recollections, shapes and models the outer world according to his own peculiarities."

It does not seem probable that the infant mind is strongly tenacious. Intense impressions may stamp themselves upon it very early however. Col. Kenny (the celebrated Indian agent,) tells us the story of a frontier man killed

by the savage Sioux warrior Red Bird, in his own hut, whose child, then but eleven months old, was scalped by a cruel follower of the chief. The poor little creature recovered, but for long after would be frightened into convulsions at the sight of a rifle, and the noise of firing it. An indistinct remembrance of the terrible scene doubtless remained indelible, with an ignorance or unconsciousness of details which would soon and often be recited to and near her, and would become inextricably interwoven with the real reminiscence—all seeming equally and alike recollected. The example thus given refers to an early period. I have recorded an instance of an effort of memory of still earlier date. I once saw a little girl of seven months of age attempting, while lying awake in the morning and unattended to, to imitate the familiar motion of bidding "good-bye" with the hand, which her nurse had been teaching her over night.

We are forced to use metaphors to express our meaning in those obscure inquiries. We say that traces are engraved, stamped, imprinted. But upon *what?* and *how?* We may purpose to speak of the mind as a spiritual or mere psychical entity, but our language, as far as it has any definite aim, any real meaning, is intended to apply to the brain itself. It is assumed that some positive change is wrought upon the material organ of intellection, by every sensation, thought, passion, emotion or volition. And indeed all this is probably true; as we are told by chemists that no ray of light, no shade of colour ever falls upon any surface which it does not affect with change permanent, though perhaps imperceptible. The nature or mode of the supposed analogous change in the present instance is, and must forever re-

main undetected. The coarse idea of a palpable indentation or furrow, so to speak, is strongly contrasted with the vague notion entertained by the ultra spiritualists, of an incorporation, amalgamation or assimilation of thought, feeling and so forth, with the mind itself, independently of any corporeal, physical, or material movement or alteration of condition.

I hold with the German psychologist that it is the safest, best and most intelligible philosophy to regard man as a *perfect unit*; mind and body being so inextricably interwoven in him, as we know him, that we are not at liberty to theorize concerning any of his faculties, without the most explicit acknowledgment of this connection. All modern metaphysical philosophers, indeed, practically recognize this inevitable necessity—and found their acknowledged laws of memory upon an undisguised materialism. Feuchtersleben declares—in full admission of the leading dogma of the Phrenologists which we cannot consider as received or established however—first, that “memory in man is in direct proportion to the size of the healthy brain; secondly, memory increases and decreases with the consistency of the medullary substance of the brain, from childhood to old age; thirdly, memory is improved or impaired in proportion as the cerebral vitality is improved or impaired.”

Draper also, while assuming to have demonstrated the existence of an intellectual, immaterial principle or soul, of which the brain and nerves are the mere instruments, falls into an equally peremptory materialism here. I cannot affix any other meaning to his views of what he calls “registered impressions,” than that each remembrance, every retained trace, is a positive and palpable eschar upon the cerebral sur-

face. As muscular contraction is the result of muscular disintegration, so nervous action, of all kinds, consists in oxydation, which is nothing else than consumption and destruction, as is proved by the production of phosphates. These impressions, like scars on the skin, are indelible.

Emerson, too, still more recently expresses the same idea, when he says, most graphically and beautifully, of education, “Trace with care the lines upon this fresco, so soon to be hardened into immortality. The same impression may be made an hundred times vainly, and only to be effaced; until at some particular moment, nature seizes it, and bakes it into the porcelain.”

Following up our familiar metaphor then, we may go on to say that the infant brain is so soft, so facile, that nothing can as yet make its imprint well defined or fixed; that as its composition becomes firmer and more tenacious, it receives more clearly, and holds faster what it receives; and that as it grows harder and drier, and wastes away, it refuses to receive, and therefore has little to retain in old age. The illustration thus given is no less accordant with fact than it is apt and trite. I have already suggested that the great mass of what we imagine ourselves to remember of our infant life, is rather a recollection of what we have heard of and concerning ourselves from parents and nurses, and other observers. The lessons thought to have been learned at that youthful period, I am satisfied, were generally acquired much later; such knowledge generally depends, indeed, upon far more recent impressions, and upon repetition secondarily for its retention now. In the dim distant vista of the remote and early past, we



seem to see glimpses of ourselves appearing and disappearing at intervals. The prints of our young footsteps are few and far between; our history fragmentary, and its traces sometimes seemingly deep enough, and sometimes obliterated like the broken lines of figures and letters upon the moss-grown and weather worn tombstones of "Old Mortality."

We shall be apt to find, too, among these ruined monuments of what once was, that the incidents and scenes best remembered or least cloudily have, in their own character, something striking or strongly pronounced to give them this tenacious hold upon the memory; the death of a mother, or the loss of some other dear one peculiarly loving or peculiarly beloved, a fire, a shipwreck, or some such great catastrophe. These stand out comparatively in bold relief, while all else is shattered, defaced and rubbed away in the struggles and collisions which have worn out or torn to pieces the adult mind and body.

It has often been remarked that natural scenery, landscape, pictures familiar to our infant eyes, remain indelibly engraved; perhaps because of the frequent renewal of the etchings drawn from day to day. We find always among the most remote recollections of young life, our native home with its hills and dales, its river, lake or mountain, its garden or its forest.

As Wordsworth says of his solitary boy of Winandermere—

—"the visible scene  
Did enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery; its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven  
received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake."

When these pictures are connected with impressive events, they are specially defined and well remembered. We recollect thus also

stories early read and often talked of and re-told, the more if they are particularly agreeable or the reverse; tales of genii, fairies, hobgoblins, ghosts and murders. The world-renowned "Arabian Nights" furnish much of the contents of these primary receptacles, a fact of which Dickens has most artistically availed himself in his charming Christmas Carol—the inimitable and unequalled story of Marly and Scrouge. What bosom is not thrilled by its universal sympathies?—what soul unmoved to the profoundest depths by its tender and gentle pathos?

"Mine eyes are wet with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred;  
And the same sounds are in my ears,  
Which in those days I heard."

A very delightful employment of this same influence is made by the great magician of the North, in his Guy Mannering, when Bertram is carried back to his infant recollections by the song of the girl at the well.

Like that of our own immature years, must be the memory of the lower animals. Perhaps it is owing to the small circle of objects which impress them, that the impressions seem so ineffaceable. The Dog to whom, in the language of Rousseau, "Man is a God!" never forgets his master, or so rarely as to render Byron's harsh lines a caricature.—Homer tells us that Argus recognized Ulysses, when no one else knew him, at his long deserted home.

"He not unconscious of the voice and tread,  
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head—  
He knew his lord—he knew and strove to meet,  
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet.  
Bred by Ulysses, nourished at his board,  
But ah! not fated long to please his lord,  
And now when fate had granted to behold

That lord, when twenty tedious years  
 had rolled;  
 Takes a last look, and having seen him,  
 dies;  
 So closed for ever, faithful Argus' eyes."

Those who educate animals are forced to employ methods of frequent repetition, for it seems that beyond a closely restricted sphere of objects, the constant renewal of lessons is absolutely necessary.—Spontaneous observation must have with them but a narrow field, and it becomes requisite to fix their reluctant attention upon whatever we intend to teach them. Stringent and stern methods at least, and I fear, such as are unrelentingly harsh, and even cruel, must be resorted to generally with these views; and hence I cannot, without pain, witness feats of recollection and intelligence foreign to their nature and instincts, performed by them. In them we perceive the building up of mechanical associations, which it is instructive to consider, and which seem to prove that a species of organic or structural memory belongs to all the tissues and systems, and functions of the body. We know without spontaneously thinking of it, how high to raise the foot in ascending a familiar path, and how many steps to take without counting, and in absolute darkness on an accustomed stair case. By practice, the young child, and the blind and the deaf and dumb may learn also to co-ordinate all varieties of action—inferior as well as superior—instinctive as well as of the highest reason. Thus we balance ourselves—stand, walk, run, speak, sing, write and execute the infinitely varied, complicated and rapid movements of the most scientific musical performance.

It is certain, indeed, that every sense has its special memory—its separate capacity for retaining impressions. Yet there seems to be

one condition always necessary to its reception—perhaps its apprehension of them. If the organ or the mental faculty of which it is the instrument, be not attentive—in a state of tension, or physiologically speaking, *erethism*, no trace is made and none can be preserved. In the somnambulist a curiously intricate combination of contingencies is presented. "Her eyes are open, but their sense is shut," says our philosophical Shakspeare of Lady Macbeth; so of a person in a reverie, or deeply engaged in an abstract process of thought. But whether from the mechanical function of memory spoken of above, or in whatever different way, it is extremely interesting to notice that the somnambulist walks safely and without impediment, through obstacles and in paths unobstructed, and ascends a stair, and even climbs a height—facts long known, but by no means clearly understood. Under this category we must obviously include the phenomena of Mesmeric Rapport, upon which so much stress has been laid by the Charlatan and the speculative Theorist as among the recondite mysteries of nature. The whole mind or soul of the passive subject, with all its powers of observation, all its faculties of imitation, and all its purposes of obedience, is fixed and concentrated upon the operator.—Abstraction from, and supreme inattention to all extraneous or surrounding contingencies and persons, constitute a wall of exclusiveness, defence or prohibition, which keeps off, in varied degrees of completeness, all approach of sensations, ideas, or impressions, through any other than one single channel of communication.

Memory offers us an obvious distinction into passive and active states; the first we may call remembrance—the second recollec-

tion. Passive memory is not only involuntary or indifferent to the will, but exists and persists against our will. We cannot forget. Thus are retained the dark traces—the gloomy shadows of guilt and remorse, of grief and terror—ineffaceable, indelible; haunting the whole life, and embittering the awful agonies of the dying hour.—The ancients delighted—and well indeed might they—in the beautiful legend of the river Lethe, whose dull but priceless waters exulted in the power to wash away all remembrance of sorrow and of crime. We search for mnemonics or aids to memory; they discussed the value and advantages of oblivion. When Simonides, so remarkable for the retentiveness of his memory, even to the termination of his long life, once offered to teach Themistocles the art of remembering: “I would prefer,” replied the famous Athenian, “to learn that of forgetting.” Coleridge gives us from Averrhoes a curious list of anti-mnemonics or weakeners of memory—“*Pediculos e capillis excerptos in arenam jacere incontusos*; eating unripe fruits—gazing on the clouds and (*in genere*) on moving things suspended in the air—riding among a multitude of camels—frequent laughter—listening to a series of jests on humorous anecdotes—the habit of reading tombstones,” &c To these he adds, “the habit of reading periodical works,” and remarks that “this catalogue, strange as it may appear, is not insusceptible of a sound psychological commentary.”

Passive memory is strikingly under the control of those laws of periodical movement or revolution, which govern all nature, animate and inanimate. A most remarkable example of this kind is recorded in Dr. Plot’s history of Staffordshire; where an idiot is mentioned, whose lounging place being in the vicin-

ity of the town clock, he had acquired the habit of counting the hours aloud, in regular correspondence with it. On one occasion, it got out of order, and for some days ceased to strike; but meanwhile he kept the time loudly, as well and as correctly without it as he had been accustomed to do with it. A similar instance of continuance of habit by remembrance, independent of intelligence, came under my notice in crossing the Alps in the diligence between Lans-le-bourg and Susa. At the most dangerous point of our road over Mont Cenis, when, indeed—breathless with mingled delight and awe—we actually overhung the fearful precipice, a Cretin, deformed and imbecile, started forward and taking the bridle of the near leader, walked steadily along by his side. On my demanding of the conductor how he could venture to entrust our safety to so wretched an idiot, he answered that they had employed for the office of guide at this critical pass, a very trustworthy person, under whose charge this Cretin lived; that he was in the habit of constantly accompanying his protector; that the man having recently died suddenly, he was astonished one day to meet here this poor imbecile alone, he having followed his accustomed course and repaired at the exact time to the usual place, where he seized the rein as he had seen his deceased friend do, and conducted the horse with admirable steadiness and propriety; since which incident, watching him closely and becoming gradually more and more confident in him, he had continued to employ him.

The active exertion of memory we call recollection; this is as much under the control of volition as any of our mental faculties, and no more. Like all other powers, we

observe it to be increased and developed by exercise and use, and this influence has passed into a proverb. The familiar difficulty of willing its action or governing it at will in a direct manner, has led to the suggestion and application of many methods of awaking, exciting, guiding and employing it. Association, instinctive and rational, accidental and habitual, normal and morbid, rouses it into activity. The history and arrangement of such associations constitute the art or science of mnemonics, and obviously separate themselves under the heads of the natural and artificial. Of the former we may learn to avail ourselves on an infinite number of occasions, and in an infinite diversity of modes. The latter have been formed into systems, of which there are many, founded on different basis, and constituted on principles singularly varied and often wildly eccentric. I am not disposed to lean upon any one of them; nor has it seemed to me, that unless in some accidental manner or by striking some unconscious source of interest or attention, they are likely to be of *any steady utility or worthy of reliance*.

Ideas, according to Aristotle, by having been together, acquire a power of recalling each other; or, to express it in another phrase, every partial representation tends to bring back the total representation of which it has been a part. Of this fact or law of association, Sir Jas. Mackintosh affirms "that it forms the basis of all true Psychology."

Associations thus referred to are very numerous and diversified, but have all been classed under the following heads: 1. Connection in *time*—whether simultaneous, preceding or successive. 2. Connection in *space*—vicinity. 3. Independence, or necessary connection,

as of cause and effect. 4. Similarity. 5. Contrast, impressive dissimilarity, suggestive, by the force or intensity of difference.

It will at once be seen that these associations may all of them be formed voluntarily or involuntarily, and their endurance will depend chiefly upon the degrees of attention paid in forming them, and the frequency of repetitions instituted. Of the first, we have examples in all the artificial systems of mnemonics. Of the latter it would be easy to adduce a thousand instances. The celebrated Van Helmont gives a remarkable one in his own experience. Leaving his native city when a mere youth, he was obliged to pass from the gate near the carcass of a horse, in a most offensive state of putrefaction, and was nauseated extremely. He did not return until thirty years had elapsed, but on reaching the same spot, so vivid a recollection of the scene and its influences came upon him, that he suffered again as at first, with nausea and vomiting.

It is interesting to notice the permanent fixity of these associations in the disturbed minds of the insane, standing like broken and defaced columns amidst the ruins of thought and feeling. An inmate of an asylum in England, by some means, got possession of a weapon with which he inflicted severe injuries upon all whom he met, until on running towards a visitor, he was loudly ordered, in a military tone, to "halt!" He stopped, looked surprised, but obeyed. He was then commanded to "shoulder arms," and put through the ordinary manual exercise of the drill, until he reached the "ground arms!" when having laid his quasi musket upon the floor, the officer whom he had encountered, sprung upon him, and with prompt aid secured him. This gentleman, a person of quick

eye and ready self-possession, had at once recognized in the movement of his infuriated assailant, something which induced him to think him a soldier, and to make the *experiment upon his habits as such*, which terminated so successfully.

Many years ago there was confined in the cells of our Charleston alms-house, an individual whose mind was a complete wreck. He was incapable of combining words into an intelligible sentence, or even the briefest phrase, and his whole proceedings were a mass of incoherencies. The former habits of life furnished three trains of association, by means of which he could always be acted on. He had been a prize fighter, and a soldier, and a tobacco chewer. In his wildest ravings, give him the word of command, and he would assume the attitude of attention; square yourself with fists doubled in front of him, and he would place himself in readiness to strike and parry; offer him tobacco, and he would seize it and thrust it into his mouth. All other knowledge of objects or their relations seemed to have passed from his cognizance or remembrance.

In efforts to remember any thing lost from our recollection, we set ourselves to strike some chord of association which shall bring up the thing forgotten. The first word of a line, verse or page, nay, sometimes the very first letter being recovered, we lay hold of it, and as by dragging at the links of a chain, get possession of all the rest. Thus, a few notes hit casually, or by repeated endeavors, will give us again the whole of a musical composition; a single bar of the connected melody will restore "the immortal verse" to which it was "married."

The effect of repetition in rendering clear and tenacious our mem-

ory, both of words and things, is matter of most familiar notice.— But this repetition may readily be overdone. School boys become aware that a lesson may be overlearned. Actors occasionally feel the same unfortunate influence of over-studying their parts, and present themselves on the stage confused with misty oblivion. This is ascribed to fatigue—to relaxation—loss of tension; it is the result, I think, of exhaustion, or collapse of particular portions of the organs of thought, which requires renewal. But sometimes, and chiefly in those whom we call "absent minded" persons, the most familiar matters are now and then forgotten. Among the instances of this sort, many of them referring to trifling things, we may allude to the transient forgetfulness of one's own name, residence, birth-day, &c., and those of his wife and children, which have occurred. A French academician, it is said, knocked at his own door in a brown study, and asked his servant, who opened it, whether his master was at home. The grinning footman replied in the negative; on which he turned away, muttering that he would call again soon. It is, perhaps, an enhancement of this condition that we meet with in delirium, intoxication, and some hallucinations in which there seems to be so total a self-forgetfulness as to amount to an impairment at least, if not a suspension of the consciousness of personal identity. I saw a subject of mania a potu, who had partially cut his own throat in an interrupted attempt at suicide, exhibit the utmost rage at the villain who had thrown him down and tried to assassinate him.

Memory being in a certain sense nothing more than an added faculty attendant upon all the other faculties, must be governed and in every way affected by their condition and



action. If these be alert, aroused, awake, *it* will be impressible and retentive. If they be relaxed, unobservant, callous, there will be no impression—no retention; if in an intermediate state—a very common condition—the trace will be casual and imperfect. Observe the answers of witnesses under the solemnity of an oath, and see how, if conscientious, they will become painfully aware of the vagueness of their ordinary recollection of events; if reckless on the other hand, how often this vagueness will be detected and exposed by a shrewd cross-examiner. Hence the wisdom of the advice to every one who finds himself liable to be called on to give testimony in a court of justice, to write down, while all is fresh in his mind, what he clearly and definitely remembers, that he may not fall into the error of making afterwards unconscious additions, subtractions or emendations, under the influence of gossip listened to, and conveying suggestions to him.

Here too we may remark upon the colouring gradually imparted to recollections of current events, by prejudices or biases of any kind, or particular modes of feeling, as in the case of a partizan, a bigot, a rival, or a personal enemy. An habitual train of thought will give its peculiar hue to a whole series of impressions stirred up. The fancy thus leaves its shadows over the surfaces of things. Thus, the imagination, more powerful often than either sense or reason, not only modifies, but actually creates and stereotypes an unreality. Memory may thus take cognizance of and retain a dream, embodying it in good faith with the actual facts of past history.

All of us must have undergone the feeling, most startling and incomprehensible, on first visiting a novel landscape, that we have not

only seen it before, but that it appears absolutely familiar; nay, we occasionally seem to ourselves to anticipate the features next to be presented, and shrink astonished to find how exactly they meet our expectation. When conversing with a friend or a stranger, we now and then fancy we remember that in the dim distance of the past, we have held the same discourse with the same interlocutors—we imagine we knew beforehand what they were about to say, and are prepared with the reply already made at the pre-occurrent interview. These vague shadows of the spectral past have been often commented on and variously accounted for. Some philosophers have regarded them as the faint but real imprints of a former existence, through which our souls have transmigrated—

—“one of Plato's themes;  
A vision of reflected dreams  
Painted by pre-existent rays,  
Forms and types of other days;  
Fires yet burning in their embers  
When our life has died away;  
Traces which the soul remembers  
Of some great pre-natal day.  
The things and facts of other spheres,  
E'er mortal sounds had reached our  
ears!”

This hypothesis is quaintly disposed of by our profound German psychologist, with the remark that “certain *phantasms* of the memory are to be referred to this head—the platonic reminiscence namely—for instance, when a person feels as if a situation in which he actually finds himself had already existed at some former time, precisely as at present; which some, from a poetizing error, have taken for a sign of a former existence. If we were ever in a former state of existence, we can hardly be supposed to have met together at a tea-party, in a drawing room, in frock coats, lace dresses, kid gloves, &c. Here, then, we have to deal with phantasms of

the memory—the products of a transitory altered recollection.”

One of the most ingenious suggestions offered to explain this truly wonderful phenomenon, is that of Sir John Holland, who refers it to the remembrance or remembered traces of our innumerable and exceedingly diversified dreams; among the infinite series of which it is not impossible, nay, rather reasonable to expect that such coincidence with future real occurrences, should actually take place. Prof. Draper's views are somewhat similar, and supported by a very interesting example, in which the dream is the basis or outline which the imagination struck and excited by its love of the marvellous, fills up with instant promptness with all the suggested details.

If Wigan be right, as he probably is, in his doctrine of the *duality of the brain*, whose two similar hemispheres, like the two organs of hearing and vision, may be of different nicety and quickness, and may take impressions of things a little differing in form and somewhat in time also, we may refer the strange facts of which we are speaking, to the variation in the impressibility of the two hemispheres or brains—one of which may have received or taken cognizance of the impression, visual or auditory, immediately, but perceptibly, before the other; and thus the second impression shall seem to be the revival or duplicate of the first, being therefore regarded as a dim and mysterious reminiscence. “A state of mind,” says Southey in his life of Wesley, “a state of mind which many persons will recognize in their own experience; a state when we seem to feel that the same thing which is then happening to us, has happened to us formerly, though there be no remembrance of it other than this dim recognition.”

In some such mode we may account for the alleged recollection of many things that never have happened, or could have happened, which are occasionally presented to us, and distract our notions of the veracity of the assertor. A dream, a hallucination, a momentary phantasm in a reverie, in the transition state between waking and sleeping, in a passing instant of unconscious delirium, shall fix itself and be remembered as real. Children often relate in detail, incidents which we know have not actually occurred; we should be cautious, and abstain from hastily charging them with wilful falsehood; they may have dreamed or imagined them vividly enough to impress the memory just as positive facts do. Insanity errs constantly in this way; and the unreal visions of the wandering intelligence are stored away as definitely and tenaciously as the best recollections of an accurate apprehension. The exhilarating life of opium, haschisch, and other intoxicating drugs, is in this mode as permanent as the outer or visible life of the subjects; and the confusion between the two becomes sometimes, as they tell us, an inextricable labyrinth. In a similar manner the double memory of the somnambulist has been known to give him—so to speak—two lives apart, two individualities, shall we say two identities! which run parallel with each other; the separation in some being absolutely distinct and complete, in others the two currents of thought and existence touching here and there, and occasionally mingling their turbid and almost incompatible streams. Dr. Dwight relates a history of a somnambulist girl, who spoke in her sleeping condition with an unwonted and unaccountable intelligence, and even pronounced sermons worthy of being listened to by numerous and grave

audiences. At the close of the exercises concluded by her, she would give out the day and hour of the next preaching, and never failed to keep her sleeping appointments punctually. In the intervals, however, she knew nothing of her clerical proceedings. A case occurring under my own notice preserved this double continuousness of recollections for several weeks entirely separate, with but one exception; the patient showing only once in her somnambulism a consciousness of the relations surrounding her real self, and never when awake remembering her morbid movements.—This separation is also professed to be produced in the mesmeric sleep; but there is so much delusion, error and falsehood mingled with what may be true of the apparent phenomena in these strange exhibitions, that we cannot venture to rely on or argue from them.

Much may be learned in the investigation of our interesting and obscure topic, by an analysis of the collected facts—a discrimination of the elements into which the function may be separated. Some of these are best presented in the diseased conditions of the faculty, which are often highly instructive and useful to observe, and stand for us in place of experiments.

Memory is a power exercised characteristically by each individual; peculiar, as every thing in and about him is peculiar. Some remember well, numbers and dates; some readily recall names; some retain arrangement, order, classification; in some, words are indelible; in others, scenes; in others still, events. Quickness of impressibility and retentiveness of impression constitute what is called a good memory. The books abound with striking instances of this kind, each marked in its own way. We are told of an author surprised at

the charge of borrowing a play which he read to a friend, who had concealed in an adjoining closet his prodigy of memory, by whom every word heard was retained and reproduced, to the infinite astonishment and mortification of the reader. I met at Naples with a young gentleman—a member of the French legation—who possessed, in a remarkable degree, this double faculty of prompt apprehension and tenacity. He repeated fluently, for the entertainment of a dinner party, a number of verses which he had heard read—once—by Victor Hugo, the evening before he left Paris. Garrick's recollection of faces was so clear and distinct, and combined with such miraculous imitative power, that he has been known "to make up the countenance of a friend" so well, as to enable a portrait painter to produce from his representation an acknowledged likeness.

"George Watson, a Sussex labourer, was almost idiotic in every thing but his extraordinary powers of calculation and memory. Ignorant in the extreme, and uneducated, able neither to write nor read, he could with facility perform some of the most difficult calculations in arithmetic. Still more wonderful, however, was the power of recollecting the events of every day, from an early period of his life.—Being asked upon what day of the week a given day of the month occurred, he could immediately name it and mention also where he was, and what was the state of the weather. He could tell the number of public houses, and of chimnies, in every town, village and hamlet in Sussex."

A similar combination of powers of calculation and memory was exhibited by an unfortunate young man, an epileptic, uneducated, and very ignorant on general topics,

who traveled through our city about a year ago. He could tell in an instant, like Watson, on what day of the week a given day of the month fell, for any indefinite number of years backward or forward. He asked a gentleman on what day of the month he was married, and in what year. Being answered, he said at once, "You must be wrong; nobody is ever married on Friday." On looking at the record he was found to be correct; the day of the month mentioned in the specified year, more than two lustrums back, had fallen on Friday. The gentleman had been married on Thursday, and had made a mistake.

Hone gives us a curious example of topographical memory, in "a man who could, from recollection, draw correct plans of almost all the parishes of London and Westminster, with every square, lane, alley, street, court, market, chapel and other public building; all stable and other yards, pumps, posts, trees, bow-windows, &c., without reference to any scale, plan, book, or paper whatever. He could tell the corner of every leading street, and the trade or profession carried on in it. A house being named in any public street, he could name the trade of the shop and the position of the door. He was called 'Memory corner Thompson.' With all this power of recollecting what he sees, he has little remembrance of what he hears."

An inordinate or extreme intensity—shall I call it?—of memory is hardly recognized as an unsound or morbid condition; yet such a state of the mind is now and then met with, in connection with bodily disease. Prof. Bartlett, for example, relates an instance of "chronic affection of the brain, in a girl labouring under long continued, intense headache, with double consciousness, and extraordinary mem-

ory of events, especially of those which occurred in infancy." "During her paroxysms," says Dr. Bartlett, "she commenced talking about the scenes of her early life. She narrated minutely, circumstantially, and correctly, a great many occurrences of her earliest childhood.—Her mother said that she had told her almost every thing that had happened to her while a child. A story is repeated of something that took place when she was two years old, and of another when she was three and a half years of age.—Most singular of all was her recollection of the birth of her brother, when she was but seventeen months old." After more than two years of suffering, she died, and an examination of the brain was permitted and made, but nothing was discovered worthy of record. This hypermnnesia or *exalted memory* is rarely of so chronic a duration as in the above instance. It happens more transitorily in intoxication, in delirium, in the hysteric paroxysm and in fevers. Coleridge has the following history:—"A young woman of twenty-four, or twenty-five years of age, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever in a Catholic town in Germany, during which, according to the priests and monks of the neighborhood, she became possessed; and, as it appeared, by a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. This possession was rendered more probable by the known fact that she was or had been a heretic.—Voltaire humourously advises the devil to decline all acquaintance with medical men, and it would have been more to his reputation if he had taken the advice in the present instance. The case had attracted the attention of a young

physician, and upon his statement of it many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town, and cross-examined the patient on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own mouth, and were found to consist of sentences coherent and intelligible, each for itself, but with little or no connection with one another. Of the Hebrew, a small portion only could be traced to the Bible, the remainder seemed to be in the Rabbinical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question.—Not only had the young woman ever been a simple, harmless creature, but she was obviously labouring under serious disease. In the town in which she had been resident for many years, as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step, for the patient herself was incapable of a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived; traveled thither, found them dead, but an uncle surviving, and from him learned that the patient had been charitably taken in by an old pastor when a child, and had remained with him constantly until the old man's death. Anxious enquiries were then of course made concerning the pastor's habits, and a solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared that it had been his custom for years, to walk up and down a passage of his house, into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself, *with a loud voice*, out of his favorite books, many of which were still in his niece's possession. Among them were found a collection of Rabbinical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin Fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages

with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind concerning the true origin of the impressions made upon her *nervous system*."

Defective memory—the Amnesia of technical writers—is a common condition, and matter of very general complaint. Unless it be enhanced abruptly, show itself suddenly, or affect us in some unaccustomed mode, it is seldom regarded as morbid or a state of disease. As all intellectual improvement depends directly or indirectly upon memory, retention of knowledge, many efforts have been made to improve or increase the power, and to render more promptly and uniformly available all its resources, and to bring them closely under the demands of our volition. Hence the innumerable, ever varied, whimsical and transitory systems of mnemonics, brought forward from time to time, lauded, and themselves soon forgotten. Every such *memoria technica*, to be of any benefit, must be founded upon some willed or voluntary association—from the arbitrariness of which Coleridge deduces their uselessness, if not their absurdity—affirming that while they promise an artificial memory, they in reality can produce only a confusion and debasement of the faculty. "Sound logic; philosophical knowledge of facts under the relation of cause and effect, a cheerful and communicative temper that disposes us to notice the similarities and contrasts of things that we may be able to illustrate the one by the other; a quiet conscience; a freedom from all anxieties, sound health, and above all, (as far as relates to passive remembrance,) a healthy digestion; these are the *best*, these are the *only* arts of memory." Admitting its general truth, there yet



seems to me, in the above sentence, too sweeping a denunciation of these mnemonics. Each of us, for himself, is probably aware of having assisted himself to remember certain things, desirable to be kept at hand, by a formal or conventional connection or association, which should prove suggestive.—In my early studies I found the same difficulty that Dr. Rush records of himself, in remembering whether there were two arteries and a vein, or two veins and an artery bound together in a particular relation, until I read his account of his association of the truth with the venerable name of Boerhaave, in which two *a*'s and one *v* pointed out the precise fact. But I am disposed to think that every one must concoct a system for himself apart, and follow his own peculiarities. If he remember names well—let him engraft other recollections upon familiar names; if numbers, or if scenes or events fix themselves in his memory, let them be the stock upon which to insert the graft.

After all, attention, concentration, the arrest of a thought or impression, and the determination to dwell on it, contemplate it, regard it fixedly, apprehend it closely—these are the efforts which seem to me to hold out the greatest promise of advantage here.—The celebrated Priestly has repeatedly and regretfully recorded of himself a remarkable deficiency of memory; a want to be lamented less on its own account, it has been said, than because it involved a mental failure of even more serious character—a weakness of conception. This is the power of bringing vividly before the thoughts, in combination, the parts of any object or any scene which has been presented to the senses or the mind. It is emphatically the pictorial fac-

ulty. Priestly's deficiency has been elsewhere traced to "an original mediocrity of sensibility; a deficient vividness in the associated ideas; the absence of any strong concentrative emotion tending to arrest his thoughts at any point, in a train, and forbid them to pass on."

The amnesia of disease presents itself frequently in both the acute and chronic forms. Nothing is more common than a brief forgetfulness—more or less complete—brought on by any thing that confuses the brain. Intoxication—a fall or blow—a fainting fit—a hysteric or epileptic paroxysm—all disturb, derange, impair or suspend the memory. I have seen a hysteric patient who had forgotten all names but two—one of which was fixed in her mind by affection, the other by strong dislike and fear. The vehement convulsions and dreamless sleep of epilepsy, seem for a short space utterly to abolish the faculty. Some severe forms of fever erase more permanently all records traced upon the brain. The great Polyglot, Mezzofanti, on his recovery from an attack, was for some time oblivious of all the numerous languages he had acquired, except his native tongue. The case of the Rev. Mr. Tennent was still more remarkable. He lay in a trance for three days after long, wasting illness—a typhus fever; was supposed to be dead, and only preserved from premature interment by what was thought to be the unreasonable obstinacy of a young medical friend. He revived, however, and passed through a tedious convalescence, in which he was discovered to have relapsed into the absolute ignorance of infancy. He learned his alphabet anew, and went to school, proceeding like the other children, from step to step, until one day, when reading *Cæsar's Commentaries*, he put his hand to his head

with a strange look, and said to his school-master, "I think I have read this before." From that time he rapidly recovered his intelligence, and soon regained his former condition.

Generally speaking, amnesia is a mere partial state of forgetfulness, and the analysis which nature thus makes for us of the elements or separate departments of retention of impressions, is both interesting and amusing. Feuchtersleben tells us of a soldier who was trepanned with loss of substance, (of the brain,) who suddenly forgot the numbers 5 and 7, and was not able, until long afterwards, to learn them again, like a child. A partial pressure on the brain, in a moment, deprived one patient of the idea of drinking out of a glass; a fever obliterated from the memory of a learned man the letter F."

The books are full of such instances. I will refer to a few. Dr. Fitch, of New Jersey, relates the case of his son R. H.,—kicked by a horse. I premit all details of the injury and its surgical treatment. While recovering, he was found to have forgotten the names of all his friends, though he remembered their persons. When told a name, he retained it. All eatables he called *bread*, until taught their names.—"When he wishes any article of which he cannot call the name, he can describe it and compare it with things of which he does know the name, so that he can be understood." He also forgot tastes—accepting sweetened water for raspberry brandy. When well enough to return to school, he was found to have forgotten some of the letters of the alphabet, and some words, and in writing the forms of some of the letters. "His memory fails in mathematics, but when an example is performed for him where he left off in Algebra, his knowledge is re-

vived, and he can perform other examples without aid." In a year he is pronounced "mentally sound."

Dr. Hunton attended a youth aged 16, whose skull was fractured by the same mode of violence as in the above case. After some days, he became anxious to communicate his ideas, but could not talk intelligibly, which annoyed and irritated him. "He was unable to recollect the names of things. 'You know what I want,' he would say; 'give it to me.' He also could describe so as that they guessed at his wishes. It was months before his memory returned. In writing a letter, he would ask how to spell certain words, then would ask why he could not spell them, saying he once knew them. When the reason was made known to him, tears would stand in his eyes."

A curious case has been recorded by a physician of our own city.—"In June, 1836, I visited Middletown, Conn., and while there, met Mr. B., a patient whom I had attended when attacked with apoplexy, in Charleston. His case was complicated with some remarkable circumstances, among which was a complete aphonia. He has recovered voice but not articulation, and presents an interesting form of amnesia. He recognized me at once, and appeared very glad to see me, uttering loud cries of joy, nodding his head violently and shaking my hands. His eye and countenance are expressive. When asked if he knew me, he replied anxiously in the affirmative, with loud, inarticulate exclamations, repeated nods, and motions significant of bleeding and giving medicine, and pantomimic efforts to show that it had taken place at a distance. He took out pen and paper, but when I desired him to write my name, shook his head with a melancholy air and signed to me to write it. I did

so—when he seized the paper, and copied it with his left hand, the right side being paralyzed, and then showed it to his father with much noisy and uncouth exultation. As an experiment, I held the paper before him, fixed his attention upon the name which he had just copied so well, and doubling it over, desired him to write it once more. This he was unable to do; and it is worthy of remark, that although fond of copying and spending much of his time in that way, (for he showed me a great deal that he had copied from newspapers,) yet unless a word was at the instant before his eyes, he could not write it, his memory refusing to retain, even for a moment, a verbal impression.—When I was about to take leave of him, he showed a wish to detain me, and after much unintelligible pantomime, at last wrote the figures 100 upon a bit of paper, and handed it to his father with an uncertain look of enquiry. The old gentleman smiled, and said ‘I understand; he wishes to put us in mind to inquire if your fees were paid.’ He no sooner heard this than he laughed, and nodded and capered about in the oddest way imaginable, as if delighted to be understood. It seems that though he cannot write a word, *except as a copy*, just as we would imitate a word in an unknown tongue, yet he can at will write any number, but he by no means recollects a particular number.”

“Sarah Wood, a paralytic,” says Dr. Hughes of St. Bart. Hospital, London, “seems to labour under a curious want of memory, or rather a morbid inability to associate the commonest things with their names. If one asks her to count five, she gets on very well as far as two, perhaps, then stops; she makes a struggle to say three, but fails. On the slightest prompting she is ap-

parently delighted, and then pronounces the numbers three, four and five. In the same way on our asking her name, she feels quite puzzled; she struggles most painfully with the first letter S, to say Sarah, which one may read over her head on the card; but when a stranger repeats the word, her delight knows no bounds; and when we added the word ‘Wood,’ she got quite into ecstasies.” He regards this rather as an instance of the loss of co-ordination or association between memory and speech, than as loss of memory proper, and refers to a case given by Sir Ben. Brodie, in which “a man was unable to associate objects with the organs of voice, but wrote beautifully.”

In an early number of the Philadelphia Medical Journal, I find a history of a remarkable case of this form of amnesia. The subject was convalescent from an attack of apoplexy. His power of recollection was curiously affected. “He is at a loss for words, but not always; he will occasionally utter a whole sentence without hesitation. He seems to have lost the conventional connection between an *idea* and the word denoting it. He insists that he always remembers the *thing* aimed at, though he cannot express it. ‘I *know* a great many things’—‘I cannot *speak* any thing,’ is a frequent phrase with him. He reads much, but says he does not understand; nor does he in reading aloud, always give the correct words. He copies a good deal in a good hand, and seldom fails to write the proper words, but said that he did this without understanding. He seemed unable to retain the first part of a sentence long enough to connect it in meaning with the conclusion. Some words he could never recollect.—Thus, he was fond of molasses, and

used it frequently with water as a beverage; but he could neither remember the word, nor could he be brought to pronounce it, or take it from another person by suggestion, however frequently and distinctly repeated. He carried in his pocket a card with it written out, and would make, from time to time, most strenuous efforts to order his servant to hand him the article, but all in vain. He was much chagrined at this. 'Why,' exclaimed he, 'why cannot I speak that word? When my friends visit me, I can order for them wine, ale, porter, brandy, but this I cannot speak.' He mistakes sometimes the names of his children—calls a day a week—drops a syllable—uses a word entirely inappropriate, or, though very rarely, a series of unconnected syllables, and becomes confused under a consciousness of his mistakes. Meanwhile his perception and recollection of numbers have always been clear—at least comparatively and notably so. He reads and speaks of numbers accurately. He reminds his friends of the dates at which his notes become due, and makes all the necessary calculations concerning them, while he cannot write his own name except from a copy, nor utter it with uniformity when placed in writing before him, nor even remember it regularly.—A date he could make out, but not the name of the month verbally. A lottery office advertisement annoyed him, because he could not read the heading, though, as he exclaimed impatiently, 'he knew the man well;' but he ran fluently through the long list of prizes ranged below."

The distinguished Dr. Graves, of Dublin, records the following facts: A farmer had a fit of paralysis, from which he recovered imperfectly, but was "able to walk about, take a great deal of active exercise,

and superintend the business of his farm. He labours under some painful hesitation of speech. His memory seems to be tolerably good except for noun substantives and proper names; the latter he cannot at all retain. And this defect is accompanied by a strange peculiarity; he perfectly recollects the *initial letter* of every substantive, or proper name for which he has occasion, though he cannot recall the word itself. Experience therefore has taught him the utility of having a written list of the things he is in the habit of calling for or speaking about, including the names of his children, servants and acquaintances. All these he has arranged in a little pocket dictionary, in which, if he wishes, for instance, to ask about a cow, he turns to the letter C before he commences the sentence, and looks out for the word. This he can pronounce in its proper place, so long as he keeps his eye and finger fixed upon the written letters; but the moment he shuts the book, it passes out of his memory and cannot be recalled, although he recollects its initial, and can refer to it again when necessary. He cannot remember his own name unless he looks out for it, nor the name of any other person of his acquaintance; but he is never for a moment at a loss for the initial which is to guide him in his search for the word he seeks."

I might add indefinitely to this catalogue of examples, each of which presents its own special and characteristic circumstances, and would admit of much nice and instructive commentary, but these shall suffice. On close examination, they will all be found to concur in one thing—the reader and more permanent oblivion of names and nouns than of any thing else. Things, faces, events, scenes, and above all, num-

bers, seem to be more tenaciously retained.

But, we proceed to ask—and the inquiry is full of the profoundest interest—is oblivion possible? Is any thing once known, once apprehended, ever totally forgotten? It may be reasonably doubted. In all cases of the several kinds that have been related, and in thousands more that might be brought together, a gradual improvement in bodily health has been attended by a gradual restoration of images and ideas apparently obliterated. The examples of morbid hypermnnesia exhibit the same phenomenon of the explanation of long buried knowledge—often a whole Pompeii, Nineveh or Herculaneum.—“This case,” says Coleridge eloquently of the sick girl, quoted above—“this case furnishes both proof and instance, that relics of sensation may exist in a latent state for an indefinite time, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as we cannot suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus, this fact contributes to make it probable that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable. Yes! in the very nature of the human spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than a single act or thought; and it may be that in every human soul the collective experience of all past existence may be reproduced and brought before it. And this, perhaps this is the dread Book of Judgment, in whose mysterious pages every idle word is recorded.”

The same view is expressed variously by other writers. “There cannot be a doubt,” says Draper, “that the registry of impressions involves an actual structural change in the ganglion, (the brain,) which is of a permanent character. This

may be rudely and imperfectly illustrated by the following experiments;—If on a cold, polished piece of metal, any object, such as a wafer, is laid, and then the metal be breathed upon, and when the moisture has had time to disappear, the wafer be thrown off, though now upon the polished surface, the most critical inspection can discover no trace of any form, if we breathe upon it, a spectral figure of the wafer comes into view, and this may be done again and again.—Nay, even more, if the polished metal be carefully put aside where nothing can deteriorate its surface, and be so kept for many months—I have witnessed it even after a year—on breathing again upon it, the shadowy form emerges; or, if a sheet of paper on which a key or other object is laid, be carried for a few moments into the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being simultaneously removed, a fading spectre of the key on the paper will be seen; and if the paper be put away where nothing can disturb it, and so kept for many months, at the end thereof, if it be carried into a dark place and laid on a piece of hot metal, the spectre of the key will come forth.—In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectres of many different objects which may have been *in succession* laid originally thereon, will, on warming, emerge in their proper order. I introduce those illustrations for the purpose of showing how trivial are the impressions thus registered and preserved. Indeed, I believe that a shadow never falls upon a wall without leaving thereon its permanent trace, which might be made visible by resorting to proper processes. All varieties of photographic drawings are in their degree examples of this kind. But



if on such inorganic surfaces, impressions may in this way be preserved, how much more likely it is that the same thing occurs in the purposely constituted (ganglion) organ! There is a necessary limitation of the amount of impressions capable of being registered in the organism, and in this regard, therefore, all human knowledge is finite. Yet its term is much farther off than at first sight might appear. A library may be able to contain only a given number of books, but the amount of information would vary with their condensation and perspicuity." And he argues, "there is no necessary coincidence between an external form and its internal impression, any more than between the letters of a message delivered in a telegraphic office, and the signals which the telegraph gives to the distant station, and which are easily re-translated into the original words." Indeed, it would seem highly probable, as he here suggests, that there is an infinite capacity of condensation by these symbolical impressions.

Pursuing a similar train of thought, and illustrating the same views of the subject, we find De Quincy employing "the image, the memorial, the record derived from a palimpsest—a membrane—or roll, the recipient of reiterated successions of manuscript. 'What else,' he exclaims; 'what else than a natural and mighty palimpsest is the human brain! Such a palimpsest is my brain; such a palimpsest, O reader! is yours. Everlasting layers of ideas, images, feelings, have fallen upon your brain softly as light. Each succession has seemed to bury all that went before; and yet, in reality, not one has been extinguished. Countless, indeed, are the hand-writings of joy or grief which have inscribed themselves successively there; and like

the annual leaves of aboriginal forests, or the undissolving snows of the Himalaya, or light falling upon light, the endless strata have covered up each other in forgetfulness. But all these can revive in strength; they are not dead but sleeping. In the illustration I have imagined for myself, from the case of some individual palimpsest, a Greek tragedy had seemed to be displaced, but was not displaced by some monkish legend; and the monkish legend had seemed to be displaced, but was not displaced by some knightly romance. In some potent convulsions of the system, all wheels back into its earliest elementary stage. The bewildering romance, light tarnished with darkness; the semi-fabulous legend, truth celestial mixed with human falsehoods; these fade away of themselves as life advances; but the deep, deep tragedies of infancy, as when the child's hands were unlinked forever from his mother's neck, or his lips forever from his sister's kisses, these remain lurking below all, and these lurk to the last. Alchemy there is none—of passion and disease—that can scorch away these immortal impressions." Thus, also, he reminds us, "very aged persons throw back and concentrate the light of memory upon scenes of early childhood, as to which they re-call many traces that have faded even to themselves in middle life, while they often forget altogether the whole intermediate stages of their existence."

The extreme rapidity with which these traces, when re-called by emotion or other contingencies, pass through the mind and traverse the stage upon which we fix our introverted vision, is little less than miraculous. Thus, in a dream of but a few moments duration, we go over the events of many hours or even days; thus, in a brief trance,

or in the act of anticipated dying, or under the instant expectation of impending death, we are told that the history of a whole life will be brought under clear and oppressive review. Statements to this effect have been too often repeated to allow us to set them aside altogether; it is certain, however, that this rapid retrospection is not a fact of uniform or even ordinary occurrence. I know at least two cases of temporary death, or suspended animation by drowning, in which nothing of the kind happened.

Pursuing the train of thought of an anonymous writer in one of our periodicals, with some variation of the language, I conclude with the following suggestions.

Of the moral influences or relations of memory, much may be said. It is a fixed and beneficent law of nature, that men shall love to remember only what is good and worthy in their transacted life. No person can be so hardened in evil as to find gratification in recalling and meditating upon the baser features of his character and conduct. However attractive and irresistible a forbidden pleasure may seem in the present moment, while its blandishments allure the hesitating senses—when the indulgence is over, when the clamour of the passions has been stilled, and we reflect upon what we have done, it is but to lament the overthrow of our principles; to deplore the infirmity of our will. In our retraced history,

virtue alone smiles with winning and cheerful aspect; we condemn vice with one accord by our spontaneous shame, when we look back upon it.

It is not possible to imagine such a monstrous anomaly as a memory dwelling upon, or rejoicing in the record of errors, however excusable; misdeeds, however seductive and enticing, or crimes resulting from whatever temptation. Ah! how gladly would we throw a pall, as of midnight darkness, over the scenes of unfaithfulness, and unhallowed enjoyment of by-gone days; with what exultation we would hail the spell that could erase them forever from the tablets of the brain.

Remorse! What is it but a memory laden with guilt, pressing heavily upon an awakened conscience. From the dreary wastes of its gloomy and impious retrospect, the fiends rise up which haunt and lash the tortured breast; but through the bright spaces of our better recollections it is, that the angels of light descend, which gladden and strengthen the true spirit with their instruction and companionship. The joy we feel in reviewing our moral conquests ever repays abundantly, in the computation of happiness, all the hardships of the struggle; the remembrance of such experiences constitutes a portion of the good man's treasures here on earth, and doubtless a portion of his treasures in Heaven.

## THE LOST CHILD.

The following facts may possibly prove of some interest to those who happen to be pleased with this little ballad. During a sleepless night, it flashed suddenly in its complete conception upon the mind of the writer, and was at once written down. The lines were subsequently lost, but for more than two years they continued to haunt the memory of the writer, and at length, with considerable effort, this attempt has been made to recover them. Perhaps they may not have been worth the effort of restoration, and possibly they may have suffered something by going through this almost double process of composition.

## I.

Softly on the verdant valley, and the distant mountains hoary,  
Lay the sunlight, bathing Nature in a peaceful sea of glory;  
While beside a shaded lakelet, in its placid waters seeming  
To reflect her visions, calmly slept a little maiden dreaming.  
Buried 'neath her clustering tresses, one fair arm her head supported,  
And the loosen'd, tapering fingers, which had lately gently sported  
With her gather'd flowers, held them still unconscious to her breast;  
O'er her was the blue sky bending like the guardian of her rest.

## II.

Down from out the neighbouring forest came a grisly wolf to drink,  
Stoop'd to lap the wave, and sudden, saw the child upon the brink;  
In his act he paus'd, and gazing, e'er he touch'd the limpid wave,  
Slowly turning, backward looking, hied him softly to his cave.  
On his crooked pathway creeping, winding through the tangled grass,  
Close beside the sleeping maiden came a shining snake to pass;  
High he rear'd his crest, arrested, motionless, with glittering eye  
For a moment gaz'd, and noiseless as the air, he darted by.  
From the overhanging branches lit a bird upon the ground,  
And in ever narrowing circles tow'rd the maiden hopp'd around;  
Fearless, yet with stealthy movement, pilfer'd from her hand a flower,  
And on silent pinion soaring, floated to his leafy bower.

## III.

Westward was the swift sun glancing, longer, deeper shadows fell,  
And the fairies 'gan to gather in the still and haunted dell:  
Songless, soundless, mystic dances, wreath'd they round the sleeping child,  
And upon her tranced senses open'd visions, wondrous, wild;  
Through the boundless depths of æther, 'midst the music of the spheres,  
Upwards, ever upwards soaring seems she, while a light appears,  
Like a distant beacon shining, shooting far its iris rays—  
One great light, still shapelier growing, till before his marv'ling gaze,  
Lost above, below, in spaces fathomless, a column stands,  
Flashing gem-like, wreath'd with stairway, on whose spiral steps are bands  
All of white-rob'd children, beck'ning, singing welcomes, in their arms  
Gently now the child receiving, soothing her with wondrous charms

Breath'd in harmonies immortal, and along that glorious stair,  
 Bearing her still upward, while in music on her ravish'd ear,  
 From the empyreal depths down-floateth accents, calling, full of love,  
 "Come my daughter!"—eager, joyous, stretcheth she her hands above,  
 Answering, "Father!"—sudden darkness veil'd the vision from her sight,  
 As her father's arms the lost one clasp'd unto his bosom tight.  
 Voiceless, all bewilder'd, trembling, breathlessly the maiden lay,  
 Clinging to her sire, who gently kiss'd the wanderer's tears away.

## IV.

From that hour sad and thoughtful, drooping, pining, murmuring still  
 Of strange visions, slowly sinking was the pale-cheek'd child; until  
 In his arms one balmy spring-tide, forth the maid her father bore,  
 And beside the shaded lakelet calmly rested she once more.  
 Long forgotten smiles her features wan illumined yet again,  
 As she seem'd reposing, dream-like, all forgetful of her pain.  
 Clasp'ing suddenly her fingers—"Father, they have come!" she cried,—  
 To her gentle soul in heaven were her visions verified.

## TO ANNA.

(WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.)

Who hath not sometimes found a leaf or flower,  
 On which were traced, as by some spirit hand,  
 Dim lines that had a meaning and a power,  
 He almost could, yet could not understand.

Still those dark signs pleased better than if wrought  
 In letters legible by human art;  
 They kindled fancy, if they roused no thought,  
 And stirred some nameless feelings in the heart.

So, Anna, I would have thee always hold,  
 Whatever rhymes these pages shall contain,  
 Dear for the tender love they would unfold,  
 Dear for the wish they may not well explain.

The words may tell as little as the flower,  
 And will not always please a critic eye;  
 For few can write with all a passion's power,  
 And none can speak so warmly as they sigh.

Yet should'st thou prize them, Anna, far above  
 The well-coined flatteries of a polished art,  
 Each is a trophy thou hast won from love,  
 Each is a tribute to thy kindly heart.

## MADAME COLET.\*

Miss Louise Révoil was born in Aix, the ancient capitol of Provence, and brought up at the Castle of Servannes, near the old city, which would be nothing now but for its law school.

She was a sprightly and pretty child. While in school she studied hard, and at recreation she flew to the play-ground, like an uncaged bird. She scarcely took time to eat; but it was her pleasure to fill her pockets with cakes and fruits, which she distributed among the beggars on her way to school.—They called her a little angel.

She was fond of studies not given to girls; for instance, she insisted upon learning Latin and Mathematics. From reading Latin poetry, she began to write rhymes in French. Her aunts did not like her passion for poetry, and blamed her for attempting rhymes; but they concluded to let her alone, thinking she would give it up when she grew older.

"You will soon learn that life is prose," they said to her. "Yes, if we do not poetize it," replied Louise, with a smile. *Poeta nascitur* is her case. It is said, at fifteen, she had enough manuscript poetry to make a volume.

She grew in beauty as she grew in years, and many a man turned to look upon her as she tripped along to school. All the young men in the neighborhood fell in love with her; and one poor fellow went mad on her account. Besides being extremely ugly, this lover dressed ridiculously, something that

women cannot endure in their admirers. He was too timid a lover to visit her; but he sighed and talked about her to his companions, so that she heard of him. On his death bed he sent her a long letter and a bunch of flowers, and begged her to accept them in memory of him. She kept the letter and flowers, and shed a few tears over them. One of her prettiest poems was written on this occasion.

Louise had often heard of Paris, the only home for the aspiring poet and the man of letters, and she determined to try her fortune there.

She was just eighteen when she left her aunt's, in Provence, and came to Paris. She abandoned the sunny south—its orange trees and myrtles—for the cold and brumal atmosphere of the great metropolis.

She stopped with a relative, and set out the very next day to find a publisher for her mass of manuscripts. She called on various editors of literary magazines and newspapers; her personal beauty and her winning ways made her welcome to them all.

How different from her's is the beginning of the career of most literary men and women, who start out alone!

Ricourt had just started a periodical called *The Artiste*. When Louise came into his office, he was in earnest conversation with Boulanier. They were struck with her beauty, and invited her to take a seat. Enquiring timidly which was

\* Translated from a work now in the course of publication in Paris, entitled "French Celebrities."



the editor, she handed Ricourt a neat manuscript tied with a blue ribbon. "They are some verses of mine," she said; "will you be so good as to look over them?" He read the poetry, and told her it was truly beautiful. "Do you think them worthy of your paper?" she ventured to enquire.

"Yes, indeed," replied the polite editor; and I am sorry our business does not justify us in paying you what they are really worth."

A bell was rung; a boy appeared. "Take this copy to the foreman, and tell him to head the first column with it," was Ricourt's order.

Louise thanked him, and departed with her most gracious bow. From that day Miss Révoil's best poetry appeared in *The Artiste*.

Among the most distinguished contributors to the paper, at that time, were Delacroix, Delécluze, Jacob, Champmartin and Chénard. Of course, our heroine formed their agreeable acquaintance.

Madame Récamier was now seventy years old; our heroine was introduced to her, and became one of her most intimate friends. The great lady had her residence at Abbaye-aux-Bois, and Louise had a daily place at her table. Here she became acquainted with the white haired wits of former days; Chateaubriand and Montmorency were very fond of her, treating her like a favorite daughter. Heppolyte Colet, a young musician, gave a concert at Madame Récamier's, and Louise fell in love with him. The old lady discovered the secret of her *protégé*, and told it to Chateaubriand; "we must let them marry then," was his only answer. He sent for Colet and asked him how he liked Miss Révoil. (Mme. R. had already obtained a confession from Louise.) The musician

confessed that he was much pleased with her, and that he would like to marry her. Chateaubriand informed him that he had but to ask for her hand. The enthusiastic artist declared himself the happiest man alive.

(We would rather have this stereotyped phrase uttered by spouses, some years after marriage, than at the beginning of matrimony.)

Louise informed her aunts, at Aix, of her engagement; they wrote to her that if she married that music-man, they would disinherit her. She did not believe them; but they kept their word. The young people were married in due time. Colet, on his part, made a greater sacrifice than his wife; a wealthy banker, who was music-mad, offered him his daughter, with a marriage portion of several hundred thousand francs; but it seems he preferred the poor poetess, with penury, to an easy nest, feathered with bank notes, where he might dream at his ease of future glory.

That would not happen often now, in these money loving times.

In 1836, Madame Colet published her first collection of poetry, with the pretty title of *Fleurs du Midi*—Southern Flowers.

The corrupted public found the southern flowers too faint smelling for their taste, and the gentle book passed unobserved. That is the sad fate of most southern flowers; they flourish for a day, and fade and die.

However, Madame Colet got her share of flattery in the grand monde, where she was known by her poetic talents. She visited among the noble families in the aristocratic suburb, (Saint Germain,) and it did not spoil her.—Many government officers were her ardent admirers; minister Teste was one of her most assiduous *cavallieri serventi*. Even that venom-

ous critic, Janin, spared her; and all the academicians deigned to drop her a word of encouraging praise.

Her husband accompanied her every where, and displayed no foolish jealousy.

In 1839, her second volume of poetry, entitled *Penserosa*, appeared; and, about the same time, a one act comedy, in verse, called *Goethe's Youth*—Jennese de Göthe.

On the 30th of May, 1839, a poem, *Le Musée de Versailles*, obtained the academic prize. Five days before the examination she had not written a line of it; so we might call it an improvisation.

Here are a couple of lines too egotistical;

"Puis-que la beauté rend célèbre,  
Je puis le devenir aussi."

At the instance of Lemercier, the prize for this poem was doubled. Happy man! they say he was rewarded by the lady for his disinterested kindness.

O tempora, O! mores!

In 1841, her first work in prose made its appearance—*la Jeunesse de Mirabeau*. Her prose does not equal her verse.

She is ultra in her republican feelings, and has an unbounded enthusiasm for the revolutionary ladies of 1793.

Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland are among her divinities of democracy. She has sung them both in long heroic strains.

In 1842, the period of her greatest fame, one of her wealthy friends had twenty five elegant copies of her works printed by Leclercq, for the crowned heads of Europe.

In return, the European sovereigns made her splendid presents. Louis Philippe sent her a golden medal; and his son, the Duke of Orleans, gave her one of platina, valued at a thousand crowns. De-

cidedly the royal family were in a liberal vein!

Some persons say the edition came from the royal printing press, and that Victor Cousin defrayed the expenses. We don't know every thing!

Few female poets have been caressed and flattered like Madame Colet. When she entered the gorgeous parlors of the great, with a queenly air, her splendid snowy shoulders, her noble head and blonde ringlets, her large blue eyes and majestic form, who could help exclaiming, with Virgil:

*Vera inaccessio potuit dea!*

The purest woman in the world is pleased with the flattering attentions of gentlemen, and we cannot blame them for it.

She was requested to read her poetry in private circles; and she did it without much begging. Who would not applaud the verses of a pretty woman, when declaimed publicly by herself? She was a constant attendant at Count Castellan's soirées, for whom her husband composed a comic opera, his only production that we have ever heard of.

She was intimate at the house of the Duchess Marliani, wife of the Spanish ambassador; and almost lived at Madame Vigée Lebrun's, where she met the most celebrated painters and authors of the day.

In 1843, the Academy awarded her another prize, for a poem called *Le Monument de Molière*.

The subject of this was suggested to her by her friend, the poet Beranger.

Louise had been married ten years, when she began to believe that marriages were not made in heaven; several quarrels had occurred between the ill-assorted pair, and each was trying hard to get rid of the other.

Mr. Colet, though professor in the Conservatory, had produced nothing worthy of note, and yet he wanted the Cross of Honor.

He asked his wife to solicit it for him; she refused, saying she had too much to beg for herself already. With as pretty a wife as Madame Colet, a husband should be content; but *Monsieur* attempted to extend his conquests, and was discovered by Madame! He was paying assiduous court to a distinguished lady, who finally pretended to yield to his importunities, and fixed a time and place for the meeting, at her own house.

Colet arrives, and finds his lady love on a sofa, caressing a little spaniel.

The sight is as charming to his taste as one of Boucher's or Fragonard's pornographic pictures.—Our Lovelace was so confused he could not speak—*vox faucibus hæsit*—and he fell at the feet of his divinity. She coughed slightly, and Louise Colet made her appearance from another room, to the great amazement of her guilty husband. Both the ladies burst out into a laugh.

A man never forgives even his wife for making fun of him.

A separation was the consequence of this trick. Mr. Colet was consumptive. On his death bed, his wife, though legally separated from him, attended and soothed his last moments.

She wrote some verses to his memory—here is the first stanza:

En me voyant passer sous mon vêtement noir,  
Ils disent, me jugeant comme ils jugent  
les femmes;  
Ce denil n'est qu'apparent, ce denil cache l'espoir,  
L'espoir! Vous qui parlez, regardez dans mon âme.

Madame Colet is a very industrious and economical woman; she writes poetry while she keeps

house, and does not disdain to use her needle. While she is conversing with you she will be embroidering something, or be occupied at some crochet work, of which ladies are so fond. She is as orderly as a Dutch house-wife.

She does not go into the woods, like the old poet Boileau, to find a rhyme; she finds it at the end of her pen, while it is making out the grocer's account.

Besides order and economy, which are rare virtues in a poetess, she has generosity and benevolence strongly developed in her nature.

A young painter who used to attend her receptions, suddenly discontinued his visits. She enquired the reason from the mutual friend who had presented him, and learned that he was sick. She discovered his address, and started on foot to visit him. She found him extended on a straw bed, in a garret, with the few comforts of a poor man about him.

Poverty rather than sickness was his disease. She took a basket on her arm; it contained a cold chicken, some bread and a bottle of wine.

"You see your friends don't forget you," she said to him, as she came into the room, "and here is something I have brought you."

She gathered up all the finished pictures she could find in his room, and took them home with her.—That very night she made up a lottery, and raffled off the paintings for a considerable sum.

She is the incarnation of benevolence and sympathy. Many a time has she found purchasers for the pictures of poor artists; many a statue would have remained in its dusty study if she had not caused the government to buy it; and many a poor author would have hunted to eternity for a publisher of his manuscripts, if she had not found him one! In return for these

kindnesses, she asks you to drop her letter in the post office, as you pass, or requests you to bring her some trifle the next time you visit her. For all this, she has a terrible temper; beware how you irritate her.

She is exceedingly fond of dress, and is always extremely neat. Her room is elegantly furnished with all that is necessary to the most fastidious coquette—paints, powders, perfumes, patches, &c., &c. As she talks to you, she is constantly caressing and smoothing her long silky curls; she pours a few drops of patchouly on her handkerchief just to show her pretty hand and arm; she extends her satin slipper on the footstool, to exhibit a delicate foot and slender ankle; in fine, she is fond of admiration, and she understands the art of pleasing. She is generally dressed in blue, a favorite color with blondes.

Her favorite visitors were Beranger, Janin, Delacroix, Jacob and Pradier. The latter made a splendid bust of her, and she paid him in some meritorious verses.

Among her later friends we may mention Patin, Pelletan, Rouvière, Maindron, Preault, Martin, Vigny, Babinet, Gueymard, Champfleury, Dumas and Deschamps.

She always reads her new-made verses to Antony Deschamps.

Madame Colet has a hatred for priests, and declares herself a free thinker, that is, a disciple of Voltaire.

We said she had an ungovernable temper; here is an illustration of our assertion—she had quarrelled with a literary relative, he refused to speak to her in the street one day; she let go the arm of the gentleman she was walking with, went up to her sullen kinsman, and slapped him in the face. She is soon sorry for these outbreaks of passion.

Though a warm republican, Mad-

ame Colet is pensioned by the government; her present pension amounts to two thousands francs.

We think it very proper that a woman of merit should have her share of the rewards to literature; besides, Mme. Colet has no income, except from her pen, and poetry don't pay now-a-days. It is a shame that she is compelled to write for a book of fashions! A person of honor has assured me that he saw her weep, as she corrected her proofs.

In 1851, Mme. Colet was a candidate for the third time for the academic prize. Her essay was *La Colonie de Mettray*.

It was thought to be too much tinged with socialism, and was consequently rejected. She expurgated the same piece, and obtained the prize the following year.

In 1854, her *Acropolis at Athens*, gained her the fourth prize in the Academy. It was dedicated to Alfred de Vigny. It is written with more care than any other of her essays. A few years previous to this she was made honorary member of several provincial academies, and her bust was placed in their halls. After her fourth victory she wrote these lines:

Je ne te cherche plus, gloire contemporaine,  
Blême prostituée aux baisers de hasard,  
Qui tends les bras à tous, et, sein nu  
dans l'arène,  
Prodigues ton étreinte aux bateleurs de l'art.

Here is a catalogue of Mme. Colet's principal prose works:—Moral Stories, Notice of Madame de Lambert's Works, Thomas Campanella, Mme. du Châtelet, Mme. Tauska, Jaques Delille, la Provinciale à Paris, les Enfants célèbres, and A Soldier's Story.

She translated Shakspeare's *Tempest* and *Julius Cæsar*.

A few days before Madame Recamier's death, Louise received

from that lady the precious present of her complete correspondence, with the permission to publish it.

Girardin began their publication in his paper, the *Presse*, when an injunction was issued to stop it.—The heart secrets of such a celebrated lady would have been read with eagerness by the people. Lenormand married a niece of Mme. Recamier, and it was at their suit the publication was prohibited.

Alfred de Musset was a particular friend of our heroine. His drunkenness is well known. Louise attempted to break him of the pernicious habit, but in vain. One day returning from the Jardin des Plantes with her, he seemed gloomy and taciturn. She asked him what was the matter. "I am dying for a drink of brandy," he answered candidly.

Madame Colet has recently paid a visit to London, where she spent six months. On her return she

called at the Isle of Gurnsey to visit Victor Hugo.

We do not know her exact age; we would not tell it if we did; but we must say she is as beautiful now as any woman in Paris.

She has a charming daughter just in her seventeenth year. This sonnet to her daughter is worth reading.

Tu t'élèves et je m'efface ;  
Tu brilles et je m'obscurcis ;  
Tu fleuris, ma jeunesse passe ;  
L'amour nous regard indécis.

Prends pour toi le charme et la grace,  
Laisse-moi langueurs et soucis ;  
Lois heureuse, enfant, prends ma place ;  
Mes regrets seront adoucis. (seront)

Prends tout ce qui fait qu'on nous aime :  
Ton destin, c'est mon destin même.  
Vivre en toi, c'est vivre toujours.  
Succède à ta mise ravie ;  
Pour les ajoute à ta vie,  
Oh mon sang, prends mes derniers jours !

#### SONNET.

If I have graced no single song of mine  
With thy sweet name, they all are full of thee ;  
Thou art my May, my Kate, my Madeline :  
But \*\*\*\*! ah! that gentle name to me  
Is something far too sacred for the throng  
Of worldly listeners round me. Yet ev'n now  
I weave a chaplet for thy sinless brow ;—  
Wilt thou not wear it? 'Tis a passionate song  
Of a deep poet-life ; and on it I  
Have wreaked heart, mind, my love, my hopes of fame,  
Yet after all it hath no nobler aim  
Than thy dear praise. Ere many moons pass by,  
When the last gem is set, the crown complete,  
I'll lay a Poet's tribute at thy feet.

## THE IMPROMPTU WEDDING.

The facts in the following narration actually occurred in South Carolina in the early part of this century. Most of the parties were known to the writer, and the only fictions which he has allowed himself, are in the names of persons and places, which for reasons satisfactory to himself he prefers at present to conceal. As the interest of a story is always impaired by the frequent occurrence of blanks and dashes, the present writer prefers to supply names, all of which he warns the reader are imaginary.

In the early part of this century there lived near Milton, in St. Anthony's Parish, a family named Le Roy, consisting of a father and mother, and three daughters.—They were poor. The father was a venerable and pious old man, who is said to have been in his youth a man of fortune, which he had lost by indolence, mismanagement, and by the operation of some religious scruples upon a morbidly excitable conscience. He spent many years of his life as the teacher of a day school, and many of the citizens of St. Anthony, my mother amongst them, had been initiated into the portals of learning by this humble professor. I was but a boy when he died, but have a perfect recollection of him as an old man of venerable appearance, with a temper oddly compounded of resignation and irascibility. His wife was distantly connected with several of the Milton families, with our's among the number. I remember her well. She was deaf—her teeth were gone—her chin remarkably angular, curved almost up to her nose—her voice was harsh and discordant—her articu-

lation very indistinct, and she not only gesticulated with her hands, but after she had spoken, continued to nod and shake her head in the most emphatic and persuasive manner, at the same time groaning and mumbling inarticulately. She took snuff, and always carried a handkerchief of red silk, studded with little white spots. She would frequently drive over to Milton to take tea with my mother, and I still vividly remember with what dismay the children used to hear the announcement that Mrs. Le Roy's chair was visible on the Grant Hill Road.

Dr. McLeod, also a relative of this family, and my principal authority for the main incident of this story, was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Le Roy's virtues. I have frequently heard him say—"If I were as good a man as Mr. Pierre Le Roy, I would be willing to die to-night." No one seemed to have the same exalted opinion of his wife. She was peevish and petulant, and I suspect always looked with a malignant eye upon the prosperity of those who were connected with her by ties of blood.

This couple was blessed with three daughters. Mary, the eldest, married first a Mr. Green, and after his death a Frenchman named La Motte; Jane, the second, married first a kinsman, Richard White, and after his death ran away with a man whose name I have forgotten, and who deserted her not long after their union. Lucy, the youngest, also married first a Mr. White, the brother of her sister's husband, then one Roberts; next a very respectable man named Thompson, and at last entered into hasty union



with an adventurer who treated her brutally. A droll scene occurred when she married Thompson.— Though decked for the third time for the sacrifice, she was surrounded by a bevy of young girls, who were her bridesmaids. When the hour came, she gave way to a violent fit of hysterics, and one of her attendants called in the clergyman to speak words of comfort and consolation to the afflicted spouse. The clergyman on this occasion was the Rev. Mr. Hall, the Rector of St. Anthony's Parish, a most worthy and amiable person, but one of the last men in the world to be consulted on a delicate occasion like this. He easily lost his presence of mind, and would say what the minute after he wished unsaid. But as he shrank from no duty, he went to minister consolation to the wounded spirit whom he was about to sacrifice. He entered the chamber, and approaching the interesting victim, addressed her as follows:—"Mrs. Roberts, compose yourself. Take comfort, Madam. This is not the first time that I have married you, and I do not think it will be the last." "Oh, Mr. Hall!" she exclaimed, "it is this very thought that troubles me."

They were both a little mistaken. Mrs. Thompson did marry again, but the reverend Rector was gathered to his fathers before she bestowed herself upon a fourth husband.

Notwithstanding the number of husbands which were possessed by this family, it would be difficult to imagine three uglier women. Of Mrs. La Motte I do not remember much. She was a quiet and unobtrusive creature, who always looked as if in attendance at a prayer meeting. My earliest recollection of Lucy was as Mrs. White. After her husband's death, she was in the habit of coming to Church at Mil-

ton every Sunday, and would dine at my mother's house. Her weeds and the deep wo that appeared in every act and attitude, profoundly impressed me, and I secretly revolted at the hard-heartedness of my mother, who would often say on her departure, "Well! I have no patience with Lucy and her airs. She will certainly marry the first man that offers himself." I dared not say so, but I felt that it was unkind, it was cruel to show so little sympathy for a widow's tears—and my mother too was a widow. But it was not long before I began to entertain some respect for my mother's opinion; as in less than six months Lucy's weeds were laid aside, and she became the bride of Mr. Roberts.

Lucy had been educated in the family of a lady connected with her by birth, who, with my mother, did every thing that active, intelligent and energetic friends could do, to promote their welfare, and being endowed with a cheerful disposition and a good temper, she might have done well in the world had she not been governed by the lower propensities of her nature. In one of her widowhoods, she had been frequently employed as a monthly nurse, and so long as my mother lived, she gave general satisfaction; but when her last friend and mistress died, she yielded to her evil impulses, and soon lost all estimation in the community. Her temperament being ardent, she was fond of religious conversation and excitement, and she, with her whole family, were early converts to Methodism. I well remember how delighted I always was, when occasionally she would spend the night at our house, and partly for our gratification, partly for her own, she would sing those wild sacred melodies with which the Methodists were accustomed at that time

to kindle the flame of religious feeling. It seems as if but yesterday, yet still I hear the notes of that old hymn, "Remember, sinful youth, you must die;" or, "I've listed in the holy war—Sing glory, glory, glory;" or the hymn commencing "Jesus, my all to heaven is gone—He whom I place my hopes upon," with its rapturous refrain at the end of every distich, "Oh, hinder me not, for I will serve God, and bless him when I die." But I must not indulge in these reminiscences, or you will suspect me of becoming a dotard. These and similar hymns were sung with an unction which had for me, then a boy, a charm which may be imagined from the impression they have made on my memory; but I afterwards discovered that she was a sensualist, and that even in the midst of religious zeal, her voluptuous temperament would betray itself. Peace to her memory. She died about ten years ago, and with her perished, I believe, the last of the family.

Mrs. White (Jane) was, I believe, the second of the sisters, and perhaps the homeliest of the three. In addition to a large share of personal ugliness, she had adventitious aids which gave it an additional zest. Her eyes were incessantly winking or rolling in every direction. She was generally quiet, humble and well behaved; and after her first marriage, never gave occasion for the tongue of scandal, except when she ran off with her second husband.

Jane Le Roy was affianced to a man named Griffin. I never knew this individual; he was a low fellow, whose boon companions were the notorious Hewsons, of Hewsonville, called afterwards in compliment to their reputation, Scuffleton. I remember them pretty well.—There were four brothers—large, swarthy men—with black, bushy

beards, hairy bodies, and their mouths generally adorned with double rows of teeth. They were all bruisers, and were the terror of the whole country. They had sisters who were said even to have surpassed them in strength and audacity; one of these sisters was the mother of the most notorious rogue that this country has ever produced. The family, with scarcely an exception, was intimately acquainted with the Courts of Session. I am ignorant of their fate generally, but know that one afterwards lived and died in the odour of sanctity. It was to Griffin, the chosen companion of such associates, that Jane Le Roy proposed, with the sanction of her parents, to surrender her virgin charms.

It was the practice of the Le Roys to invite to their house, on the occasion of such solemnities as a wedding, all those with whom they claimed kindred, and the Hall of Grant Hill House contained a large number of the society of Milton, to witness the nuptials of Jane Le Roy and Griffin. Other guests, too, were present, among whom were the two Whites. It happened that no clergyman at that time visited in the neighborhood, and Mr. John Ferguson, a magistrate, was invited to tie the nuptial knot.

The company were all assembled; time wore on, but Griffin was not there. The guests waited with impatience the arrival of the tardy bridegroom, and at length some, whose patience was exhausted, ordered their carriages, and prepared to return home. At this juncture, Mr. Le Roy went to his daughter, and to the astonishment of the whole assembly, addressed her as follows: "My daughter, you see that all your friends have come to witness your marriage. Some are impatient to be gone—Griffin is not here, nor is it likely that he

will now arrive; he has, doubtless, changed his mind. It would be a pity to disappoint your friends.— Suppose, then, you marry Jack White. He is as good a man as Griffin, and has courted you so often that you cannot doubt his love." Jane consented. White was willing, and they were instantly married, Ferguson performing the ceremony.

This was no sooner over, than it flashed across their minds that Griffin and his friends were not persons to be thus trifled with, and that if they should come up and find that another bird had taken possession of the nest which had been prepared for Griffin, the affront might be terribly avenged. Earnest appeals were made to the young men present to remain for the protection of the family. The doors and windows were securely fastened, and outposts stationed to give warning of the approach of the enemy.

All was quiet until just before daylight, when the voice of William Hewson was heard inquiring after Ferguson. The latter, who was a timid man, apprehended the worst. He imagined that Griffin had heard of the extraordinary tour which he had assisted in playing on him, and that Hewson had come from him to inflict merited chastise-

ment. He made the most piteous appeals to the young men to protect him. They promised, and were about to open the door and meet the enemy, but to this Ferguson would by no means consent. They called, therefore, to Hewson to know his errand, but this he refused to deliver, except to Ferguson in person, and face to face. After a long altercation, chiefly with Ferguson's fears, the door was partially opened, and Hewson delivered his errand. It was simply to request Ferguson to go and hold an inquest over the body of Griffin, who, riding that night with his roystering friends to claim his bride, had fallen from his horse in a fit, and was now dead.

Never was a death more opportune. It was a great comfort to both bride and bridegroom, and relieved the unhappy magistrate from a load of mortal care. He obeyed the call of Hewson with alacrity, and enjoyed the rapture of security when he saw the corpse of the unhappy man stretched out before him.

This story was formerly well known in Milton; all the actors are now dead; but I can never forget the glee with which Dr. McLeod, one of the young guests on the occasion, used to relate all the incidents of that eventful night.

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DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

Hark! how those lusty Trumpeters, the Winds  
 Urge on the black battalions of the clouds!  
 And see! the swollen rivulets rushing down  
 The sides of Psiloriti! yesterday,  
 'Neath the clear calm of the serenest morn  
 Earth ever stole from Paradise, they swept—  
 Bright curves of laughing silver in the sunshine,—  
 But now,—an overmastering rush of floods,—  
 They thunder to the Heavens, that answer back  
 From the wild depths of gloom—an awful tempest!—

## TRIP TO CUBA.

## NO. IV.

A pleasant drive it is of an afternoon, when the glare of sun-light is just passing away, to visit the "paseo Isabel segundo." It is the hour for exercise and display, and the fashion and aristocracy of Havana are now being driven in their costly volantes; the harness and entire equipment flashing with silver; the calasero, in silver lace and spurs, with high-top, pointed boots. Two ladies, unbonneted, ride in each. One horse is in the shaft; the calasero rides a second, and guides the carriage.

These volantes, mixed with others of a plainer sort carried by a single horse, pass and re-pass each other on the wide avenue, somewhat after the fashion observed on the "Champs Elysees" of Paris. Acquaintances salute in passing, but the equipages never halt. After repeated turns, they drive from the Paseo, and the fashionables resort either to the Tacon theatre, or to the Plaza, to hear the band of the Captain General, which discourses sweet music from eight till nine in front of the Palace. This, on a calm moon-light or clear star-light night, is an enchanting place of resort. On the face of the palace, which fronts the plaza, we observe a clock, with an illuminated dial plate. Before it is the garden with its palm trees and flower plots, over which a subdued and pleasant light is shed from the lamps suspended among the foliage. The flower garden is separated from the thoroughfares, by a slight iron railing. Around this railing, are chairs placed for those who desire to be seated, and beyond these stands a

triple row of volantes, drawn up in close array, wherein ladies sit, and beside which the beaux are seen to flutter. In the centre of the garden is the Captain-General's band, masked by the military.

The minute hand of the clock points to a figure on the dial, and suddenly the band strikes up its exhilarating notes, and all ears drink in the music. There is then a pause to give breathing time to the musicians and space for conversation to the company. Meantime the military perform some evolution. Two colossal grenadiers advance on either flank, and present arms. Then the drummer boys advance to the front, lay down their drums before them, and bend towards the illuminated clock, as if to do it worship! And there they stand—a long and painful interval—as motionless as stone. At last the band strikes up anew, the marble starts into life, and the statues once more become men.—There is something impressive and intensely foreign (not to say Saracenic,) in the whole scene. You are in the presence of those mysterious *mutes*, of whom you have read in childhood. You are carried back to the times of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, and the fairy tales are no longer a fiction. The clock at length strikes nine, and the crowd melts away. The poor man leads back to his squalid home his wife and children, who have enjoyed with intense zest, and *without pay*, the brilliant pageant and delightful serenade, and thinks less harshly of the tyrannical government which has ministered thus considerably to the popular enjoy-

ment. (*Republics might copy with advantage.*) The gallant kisses the tips of his Parisian gloves, and waves a hurried adieu to the tender *Señorita*, as she dashes off in her *volante*, and the *Señoras*! ah, what becomes of them? They drive, perhaps, to the *Tacon*, to pass judgment on some new *Prima Donna*, whose advent has set the Cuban world on the *qui vive*; or to wonder at the mad enthusiasm of the pit, as they stun with "vivas," or overwhelm with bouquets the danseuse who has executed some daring pirouette, or touched their sympathies by the witchery thrown into the performance of the national dance. Or perhaps they pass to the illuminated chambers, across the plaza, where the lottery is being drawn. There is policy as well as charity in the scheme; for the *Marquise de la Habana* presides, while Creole ladies of distinction are the Vice-Presidents, and they enjoy a certain social consideration, while all political power, all participation in the administration of government is denied to their fathers and husbands. Or perhaps they assemble at some ball or other reunion among themselves, at which any casual visitor, unless he speaks Spanish, would find himself sadly out of place. Go where they may, God go with them! for I infer from all that I could hear, and the little that I could observe, that few of their social position, in any part of the world, may pass their time more innocently.

As for the American ladies temporarily resident at Havana, they rarely miss the opportunity of enlivening their evenings by an attendance at the plaza; and thence on their way home, they pause a few minutes at *Domenica's*, where ices and confections, unmatched in the world, are handed them as they sit in their carriages; and then to

their hotels, to repose in their ill arranged dormitories as they best may, after the pleasures and fatigues of the day. And now, having disposed of the ladies—where I have no right to follow them—I turn to the men, the men of the country I mean, and enquire what becomes of them? I must not follow them too far, nor be too inquisitive, lest I trace them to those frequented saloons where *monte* constitutes the chief attraction, and to which, if common rumor does not greatly belie them, they are but too much addicted.

We were sensibly impressed with the sudden change of climate we had undergone, between Charleston and Havana, by remarking that though it was now but the middle of March, the entire male population was clad in full summer costume—in the lightest white raiment, with straw or manilla hats—a dress perfectly adapted to this temperature. The streets at mid-day were much deserted, and the *Doñas* who went abroad to shop, drove to the fashionable stores in their *volantes*, and were waited on without their descending, by the obsequious shopmen, who attended to the supply of their wants with commendable assiduity and great show of respect. At this time of day few persons of condition are seen perambulating the streets.—They whose affairs call them abroad are taken from point to point in *volantes*, the carriage of the country so often described, and which, doubtless, retains its popularity on the very sufficient grounds of adaptation to climate and locality. The swinging motion, communicated by the long shafts of sixteen feet dependent from the lofty axle, is rather luxurious and germane to the atmosphere of the place. This is the season of the day, however, in which the fish market is seen to

advantage. It is well worth a visit. No fish inhabiting the waters or coasts of the United States are half so beautiful. Their scales are resplendent with purple and gold.—These, the predominant colors, are laid on, some longitudinally, some traversely in belts, and others in oval or circular spots, over some darker ground. The brilliancy of color is due, I suppose, to the transparency of the waters and the brightness of the skies. The greater portion were unknown to me. I recognized three only among the varieties found in the fish market of Havana, viz:—the cavally, the horse cavally and the mullet, as frequenting the Atlantic coast as far north as latitude 32°. Gastronomically I shall not pretend to speak of them, or institute comparisons with the fish of our own country. My experience was too limited; but so far as beauty and brightness of coloring are concerned, they cannot be surpassed. In these particulars, *the angel fish* excels them all—it is the very peacock among fishes! It was with no small gratification I learned that Professors Holbrook and Agassiz had visited Cuba with a special view to a description of the fish inhabiting her coasts. Whatever *they* do, it is needless to say, will be admirably done; and when they shall publish their expected book on the fishes of Cuba, in which they will not only be described for the benefit of the scientific, but transferred to the plates in all their brilliancy of coloring, the world will possess a new book of beauty!

The *gens d'armes* do not abound in the streets and plazas of Havana, to remind you, as in Paris, of the omnipresence of the police; but they are diversified by another class, the Priests, who are as numerous here as in what old Suvaroff used to stigmatize as that *God-forsgetting city*! A transient trav-

eler, with his necessarily limited experience, cannot, without hardihood, speak of the religious condition of the people. Possibly he might conclude that where forms (as in the Catholic worship,) were held as essentials, and thrown so much in the foreground, the Christian virtues might come to be overlooked, and lapse insensibly into a secondary consideration. This probably would be his conclusion, if his antecedents had associated him with Protestant forms of worship; yet this might be, nevertheless, an illiberal judgment. God only knows the heart. In visiting the Cathedrals on Sunday mornings, to witness the celebration of the mass, I certainly perceived no extraordinary show of devotion, and no great thronging, unless there was some religious festival or military parade, to give impulse and activity to dormant piety. A lady and her daughter, the *full blown* and the budding rose (the specimen is *very full* at Havana,) drive to the door of the Church in their volante. They descend and enter the body of the Church, dipping their fingers, as they approach, into the vase of holy water. A black slave boy follows the ladies into the area, (there are no pews,) stops where they stop, whips you out a duster, and falls to brushing away the dust from the pavement of the Church. He then unfolds a roll of carpeting or matting, which he had carried under his arm, and spreads it on the floor. The ladies having eyed the spread with the look of connoisseurship, and seen that all was right, arrange their parachute dresses, with a view to a graceful descent, and then drop upon their knees, and betake themselves to prayer. If they take this occasion likewise to confess their sins, the catalogue must be short, and the recital does not detain them long. After a lapse of a few min-



utes, they rise to their feet; the boy takes possession of the rug, folds it and places it under his arm, and the party presently retire. The countenances of the ladies wear a pleased expression; they seem to say, our offences are forgiven, and we take home with us a good week's stock of piety, which will last till we return here for a renewal.

There were few men, comparatively speaking, among the devotees. Devotion here, as elsewhere, seems the speciality of women. I suppose that the men of the Latin stock actually have souls, however indifferent they may appear to provide for their salvation. The male portion of the stock, I am told, have a strong dislike to the Shepards, and give as an excuse for their indifference to matters of religion, "that the Priests are a bad set of fellows." This is no justification, but it unquestionably serves as an encouragement to irreligion. But if they are as bad as they are represented, I will trust some of them, at the least, for having the address to cover their delinquencies; for I remarked among the priesthood of Havana the far-famed, long-forgotten and long-buried followers of Loyola! The Jesuits have been raised from the dead! They have been revived, so far at least as this island is concerned, and I saw them perambulating the streets in the habit of their order. For what purpose? To what end the restoration of this most subtle order of the Priesthood? This grain of mustard seed may yet be found springing up into a mighty tree; and birds of the air may be seen nestling among the branches. But who shall interpret the meaning of their notes? The key to them will be lodged in the Palace of the Escorial!

THE ANNOYANCES OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER VISITING HAVANA.

I am not writing a Murray's

Guide Book for the use of Americans visiting Cuba, nor, indeed, any thing half so useful; but I cannot forbear obtruding advice, by listening to which they may escape some of the impositions practiced upon us—"haud ignarus mali—miseris succurrere disco." There are no good hotels (such as we understand by good in the United States,) in Havana. The discomforts are great—the exactions provoking, and the regular charges enormous. Good hotels would greatly increase the number of Americans visiting Cuba; for the country is beautiful, the winter climate delicious, and were these annoyances of which we spoke, abated, they who had once enjoyed these benefits, and now satisfy themselves with a single view, would delight to repeat the visit. There are two descriptions of first class hotels—those kept by Americans with Spanish servants, and those kept by Spaniards with American servants—for, as the majority of strangers visiting Havana are *Americans*, the language which *they* use must of necessity be spoken by some persons in each establishment. Now, go by all means to a Spanish house. If you do not actually escape impositions, they are less aggravating than those inflicted by a countryman. Go, if you would avoid a scene such as I shall here note down, to serve both as a sample and a warning. The afternoon is, as I have said, the season for recreation in this climate. I wish to drive a lady to the Paseo, and I go to the American host to request him to send me a respectable volante, (the public hack volantes not being exactly fitted for such a purpose.) "It will cost you eight dollars," quoth the host. "We want it only for a couple of hours." "That makes no difference," quoth he. "Eight dollars for two hours! that is monstrous! In any city of

the Union you could get it for one fourth of the money!" "You are not in the Union," quoth he. "That I fully perceive," retorted I. "You can have it the whole evening," quoth he—parrying the thrust—"drive to the Paseo—then to the Plaza—then to the Tacon theatre, where the carriage will attend on you till midnight, and then you drive back to the hotel." "Thank you, sir," quoth I; "I am accustomed to arrange my programme for myself. We want to drive to the Paseo for an hour or so, that is all, and then return to the hotel." "All the same," quoth he; "they will only hire you an equipage for the whole evening, and the price is eight dollars!" "Then the equipage may go to the devil," said I; "for I shall deny myself the pleasure of witnessing any spectacle, however imposing, rather than submit to be knowingly swindled!" In a day or two, when you have made the acquaintance of Americans who have resided some weeks in Havana, and who, having paid their initiation fees, have become wiser by experience, you will find no difficulty in getting good, respectable carriages, with two horses—either open barouches or volantes—at two dollars the hour or less. It is hard, therefore, to come to any conclusion more charitable than this—that the landlord had an absolute monied interest in the equipages which he desired to furnish at such exorbitant rates to his customers. The game of the American landlords here seems to be, to place their countrymen, who may be their guests, completely at their mercy. Their servants are Spanish, and speak only Spanish, with the exception of one or two, who may speak imperfect English. In the embarrassments and misunderstanding, resulting from the mutual ignorance of language, *these* receive

all appeals, and interpret always to the advantage of the house.

Few traveling Americans speak Spanish. French is here of little avail. The Spaniards are too proud to speak any thing but their native Castilian; and I commend it to all Americans meditating travel in this quarter, to acquire the Spanish language before they start, not only "that they might read Don Quixotte in the original," which was said by some Englishman of mark (I forget who,) to be sufficient compensation for the labor, but to secure himself against the petty and constantly recurring impositions to which he will be exposed by his ignorance in this particular.

I know of no place in which the service of a *valet de place*, who understood the two languages, would be more acceptable; and I know of no place in which the inauguration of a good hotel, to be conducted on equitable principles, would give greater satisfaction to the traveling public, or yield a surer return to the conductors.

Walking along the quay towards the Convent of "Paula," (a convent which might well serve, "on occasion," for a fortress,) you pass on your right an unpretending building of stone, with this pretentious inscription over the door in letters of gold, "Las delicias de Paula!" The language is grandiloquent—the expression comprehensive, and I confess that I felt even more than a traveler's curiosity to discover what were the delights thus euphoniously announced, and whether they referred exclusively to the inmates of the convent, or were such as outsiders might aspire to enjoy. On entering the apartment, my doubts were at an end; the announcement simply meant—"the billiard saloons of the *quartier Paula*," with wines and refreshments to match! Now, in front

of "Las Delicias," and open to the bay, and in full view of the panorama of ships, barges and steamers, at anchor and in motion, and on the site of the old Opera House of Havana, is this new and much needed hotel shortly to be built. If conducted on the American plan, and directed by a landlord who may own such a thing as a conscience, and who will give a reasonable attention to the wants of his guests—who may remember that all who enjoy the shelter of his roof are en-

titled to its hospitalities—who has honesty to drive away from his stranger guests the mosquito swarm of petty depredators, who else would fasten on them, to the inhibition of all enjoyment (instead of looking listlessly on while they sucked their fill, as if he had a private interest or pleasure in their hospitable attentions,)—when these abuses shall have been frowned down, and these reforms shall be completed, the traveling public will have ample reason to rejoice.

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THE SHADOW.

The pathway of his mournful life hath wound  
 Beneath a shadow ; just beyond it play  
 The genial breezes, and the cool brooks stray  
 Into melodious gushings of sweet sound,  
 Whilst the broad floods of mellow sunshine fall  
 Like a mute rain of rapture over all.

Oft hath he deemed the spell of darkness lost,  
 And shouted to the Day-Spring ; a full glow  
 Hath rushed to clasp him, but the subtle woe  
 Unvanquished ever, with the might of frost  
 Regains its sad realm, and with voice malign  
 Saith to the dawning Joy—"This Life is mine!"

Still smiles the brave Soul, fronting a faint Hope,  
 And, with unwavering eye and warrior mien  
 Walks in the Shadow dauntless, and serene,  
 To test through hostile Years the utmost scope  
 Of Man's endurance, constant to essay  
 All heights of Patience free to feet of clay.

Still smiles the brave Soul fronting a faint Hope !  
 But now methinks the pale Hope gathers strength,  
 Glad Winds invade the Silence, Streams at length  
 Flash through the desert ; 'neath the sapphire cope  
 Of deepening Heavens he hails a happier Day,  
 And the spent SHADOW mutely wanes away.

## VOICES FROM THE FOREST.

## NO. III.

## THE FOREST STREAM.

The Pine had concluded his story with the doubtful promise and melancholy prospect of another.

Its last half-whispered words: "Yes, another time," gradually died away, and a deep calm reigned in the wide wood. One sound alone interrupted this stillness: the splash of the Forest Stream, as it gurgled on, with cadences broken only by some stone or root—the never ceasing Forest clock. And as it murmured on—now brightly glistening in the sun, now darkened by the shadow of tree or cloud, the pictures reflected by it trembling on its surface—this monotonous sound became intelligible words; and unasked, but still attentively listened to by flower and tree, the Stream began its story.

Trees and flowers listened intently. An awfully solemn calm brooded over the deep grove. The rivulet alone plashed on—the only sound far and wide. This is the Forest calm. Who does not know it? To whom has it not seemed the Forest's Sabbath? All around so solemn, so still! Even the wind breathes more gently; and the hunter, filled with a pleasing and religious awe, forgets the chase and, falling upon the grass, sinks down into the universal Forest rest. Such is the time when the Forest Stream tells its tales. Such is the Forest calm.

And the Brook began.

"Do ye know where I rise? Do ye know my source? Ye know that of the Meadow Brook. A springlet, she bounds boldly forth

either over some stone or from some hill-side, and then increases in size, till discontented with the short dress which the grasses—although from love to her lengthened to their utmost—afford; she finally assumes the stiff and hard bodice of the Reed, with its wanton flower spangles, or black buttons.

So also with the Mountain Torrent. High above us lies the snow—the eternal mountain-cap—tinted only by the rising and setting sun, and relieved of its glare only by the shadows of fast fleeting clouds; while, through the neighboring ravines, the motionless and dark blue glacier sparkles from the abyss. Outwardly it seems unchangeably firm; but within there stirs an active life. A constant flow and rush of waters is there, and among the clefts and crevices, the drops play a ceaseless hide-and-seek; for the Sun-God constantly kisses the Mountain tops, and this steadfast love melts and softens even his cold heart. Springlets are the offspring of these kisses. These too play hide-and-seek in the crevices, till the place becomes too small for them, and then they rush forth. Emerging into light for the first time, they are astounded and amazed at the world which bursts upon them. Other curious Springlets, however, soon follow, and then they venture a little farther; at first slowly delaying, then quicker and quicker, till finally, a laughing Mountain Torrent, it leaps—like the Chamois, its neighbor by birth—sportively from rock to rock. Now

it foams up high as the mountain snow—now, an unbroken mirror, it glitters like the glacier ice, till descending into the valley, it sinks into quiet, amid the charming repose of the plain.

But where is my source—I, the Forest Stream? Ye find no spring from which I rise, neither snow, nor ice, whose child I am. Trace back my course. Ye find me plashing behind some stone or mossy hillock, and ye think that ye have at last discovered my origin; but off I am again, and further back still, from behind some gnarled root, I laugh you to scorn. Now, amid thousands of grasses and flowers I expand into a sheet of water like a broad mirror; now, I fall murmuring from stone to stone, which, jealous of the forest verdure, have covered their gray heads with green moss caps. Again I flow a wider stream, and then again trickle along. Ye cannot discover my origin. It is the enigma of the Forest. But learn it now.

Upon a light cloud, floating leisurely over the plain, there once sat a lovely little Elf, the favorite servant of the fairy queen, arranging her jewelry. She took from its casket a long, long string of costly pearls—a gift from the Ocean. Titania had charged her to be very careful with it, as the tears of the Ocean were her favorite ornaments. Pearls are the Ocean's tears, not such as are shed, but such as he resolutely suppresses in his bosom, till the fisherman, at the risk of his life, wrings them from him. Though congealed and hardened, they still have the dull, glazed look of eyes worn with weeping. The little Elf was delighted with the pearls, and held them up to see if they would glitter more brightly in the sun. But pearls are not like precious stones, which borrow their

brilliance from without; for the Ocean's tears have their own worth, and shine by no borrowed light. Puck, the teaser of men and fairies, was sitting behind her; and, while she was playing with the bauble, secretly cut the string. Down rolled the pearls, first upon the cloud and then to the earth. Stunned by fright, the little fairy remained motionless for a second; then collecting herself, flew towards earth after the falling treasure. Whilst floating in the boundless space between earth and cloud, she saw her little balls scattering, rolling, glittering on all sides. Hopeless, she was just on the point of returning, when she espied a green sward, with myriads of her lost pearls, as she thought, sparkling among its grass and flowers. Casket still in hand, she gathered them most industriously, and had almost filled it, when Titania's lovely servant perceived they were not the Ocean's tears, but only dew, the tears of flowers.

Disheartened and sad, she continued her search. And first she found pearls hanging in a mother's eye as she bent over her dead child. She gathered these tears of love. In her farther search, she found many other weeping eyes, so that her casket soon ran over. Alas! how many tears are shed on earth! From the eye of man there often flows a mysterious streamlet. I know *its* source also. 'Tis the heart. When sorrow, or melancholy, or repentance, or sometimes even joy, beats against it; the streamlet always flows. And what a wondrous charm, too, it possesses! That heart must be hard, indeed, which is unmoved by a stranger's tears! Men often try to disregard them, saying: "I don't pity these tears; they are too well deserved." But it is not so; for still they are tears, and come from a heart

probably the more severely wrung, because deserving them.

Thinking these her lost jewels, our fairy floated upwards to the clouds with the casket tightly clasped in her arms. Ah! the casket became heavier and heavier: tears are not light; and when it was opened, she found her fancied pearls dissolved into a mass.

Disconsolate, she flew from cloud to cloud, (with all of whom she was a favorite,) lamenting her distress. They sent their rain to earth in search of the lost treasure. How it poured and streamed! Tree and shrub were bent, the dew was washed away, but the pearls remained unfound.

Puck, the knavish sprite, noticed all this, and saw what grief he had caused the poor little fairy. This caused him sorrow, having only intended to annoy, not to distress. Down, therefore, he dove into the bosom of the earth, and having obtained some bright, sparkling brass and glittering spangles from his friends, the Guomes, brought them to Elfy. "There, now," he said, "you have your trash again, and better and more brilliant, too!" Elfy shouted with joy, and the clouds ceased from raining.

But examining the gift more closely, she saw it was nothing but worthless gewgaw and glitter. Angry, she seized the box and hurled it so far that the glittering particles made a long bow in the heavens. This was the first rainbow. Since then, whenever the clouds weep, Puck brings his gewgaws and repeats the farce. The rainbow, however, though beautiful and always causing both us and men pleasure, is but an illusion, the gift of Guomes, the work of Puck, the knave. Men know this, for when they pursue it, it keeps just out of their reach, and then suddenly disappears. Where does it dwell? Children say

it falls into the ocean, and that nymphs make their bright dresses of it.

Thus what chance produced, Puck sometimes uses now for his own amusement. And if any of his treasure remains, when he has first strewn it over the heavens, he returns and builds a smaller and less brilliant bow. Hence we often see this brilliant appearance doubled on the horizon, and hence it only comes when the clouds weep; pitying the poor little fairy's distress, whom Puck worries, but still would console.

Our Elf was still sitting sadly upon the cloud, taking no pleasure in the first rainbow she herself had made, when Titania approached her. Happening just then to be in a kindly humor, on hearing the cause of her little maid's grief, the capricious queen simply smiled and forgave her. Perhaps she was more easily consoled for her loss, as an ocean sprite, whose heart she had recently won, had just promised her another string of pearls. The great are prodigal even with the tears entrusted to their keeping.

But what was to be done with the heavy contents of the casket, which Elfy still held in her arms. "Haste to the most lovely and retired spot in my forest," said Titania, "and pour these drops on the thirstiest plants. Let them remain what they are. United, they shall flow a great forest tear."

The little maid obeyed, and thus rose the first Forest Stream, and the Forest too had its tear. Do ye now know my source? As with human tears, 'tis the heart—the hidden heart of the Forest. When melancholy, or yearning love, or sorrow beats against it, the tears flow. In summer, when many a child of the forest is plucked and destroyed, I flow noiselessly but ceaselessly on. In autumn, when all are gone, I



weep in silent sorrow for the flowers and leaves, which the wind often strews on my bosom, giving them for graves the very grief they have caused. In the dreary loneliness of winter, I freeze, and my tears, like Ocean's hidden sorrows, become pearls, and hang from rocks and roots with the same dull, glazed look of weeping eyes. But in spring, when a longing love fills the hearts of all, then tears of mingled melancholy and joy flow from the deep wood; and then, too, rising high and overflowing my banks, I kiss flower and grass. Sympathy too often excites me; and when the clouds weep rain or the flowers dew, the forest stream often rises. Does not my whole appearance—the spirit of feeling and sadness I breathe around you—tell you that the forest's heart is my source? The melancholy Reed clings close to me. The Forget-me-not, gazing fondly to heaven, like the truthful blue eye in the hour of parting, grows best upon my stream. The weeping Willow, in her everlasting mourning, droops her branches till they touch my waters. Every where I excite deep sympathy. Even the stone, which obstructs my course—the unchanging stone, upon whom time writes no mark—when touched by my waters, sheds light tears as I flow on, and yields to my kisses alone. Therefore I love the stone.

Men tell a strangely sad story of one who outlives everything—from whom even death flies. The stone seems such to me. He is the Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, of the forest, and can tell you many tales; for his memory reaches to the remotest time.

Puck, the knavish sprite, jealous

of the Forest Stream, would rival it with his glitter, which has now an eternal importance. Oftentimes he mischievously throws a knotty root or sharp stone into my waters, and my drops, splashed high into the air, dissipate into foam. Then you may see the colors of the rainbow playing in the sunbeams. It is the glitter Puck displays near my lustre, as if he would say: "Is not my gift the more beautiful?" But it vanishes quickly away, and I course on unchanged. Thus is it in life. The comic and mischievous commingle oft with the sad and melancholy, as if some knavish sprite had combined them. The heart of man, even when wrung by the deepest anguish, is often moved to mirth; and a smile often sparkles from the weeping eye. In the fullest harmony of nature, we often meet quaint distortions. A gnarled trunk and bare, and barren branches, separate the rich carpet of grass from the rounded fullness of the foliage above. From among perfect and lovely roses, there often peeps a deformity, a distorted face among its companions. This is Puck's work. But a reflecting mind, like nature herself, reconciles these incongruities.

Thus ended the Forest Stream. The repose of the woods continued. Leaf and flower hardly rustled or whispered. Suddenly a crash was heard. A dried and withered bough broke, creaking, from the top of a stately oak; and parting the leaves above and crushing the flowers below, fell crackling into the brook, throwing its drops high into the air, and stirring it up from its lowest depths. A second, and all was again quiet.

Puck did this, the knavish sprite.

## NELL GWYN.\*

There is no reign of modern times less respectable, or more entertaining than the reign of the witty profligate Charles II.

The social annals of this period are singularly complete. The comedies of Dryden and Etheldredge, and the voluminous Diary of Pepys, present us with a familiar and vivid picture of the manners of the people, while the King's Chaplain, Evelyn, has compiled a graphic record of the Court. It was a loose, unprincipled, brilliant, and most versatile age. Puritan restraint, which had proved so galling and intolerable a bond, was at length cast off. Forced penances, and fastings which went against the stomach both of sense and appetite, gave place to riotous convivialities, and a license of conduct fortunately unparalleled, before or since, in English history. The whole round of the seasons seemed to be one grand Saturnalia of lawless orgies. Moral responsibility was derided; the sacred ties of family and household honor made matter for jest-books and farces, and the chief ambition of fine gentlemen was confined to the number and success of their amours.

Failler, in Dryden's Play of the "Wild Gallant," affectionately styles one of these characters "a dear Heart, a Debauchee," while his companion, Burr, expresses his notion of the "best Heraldry of a gentleman" in language more emphatic than quotable.

It must be confessed that the ladies were not a whit behind the sterner sex in their devotion to

questionable pleasures. Indeed, many of them, women of rank too, surpassed the men in flippancy, both of speech and action. Herein we discover the true secret of the degradation of that epoch.

It is not as moralists, therefore, that we find it advisable to study the latter half of the seventeenth century. We must resolutely shut our eyes to the folly and wickedness which universally prevailed, if we desire to be entertained, and in the end, perchance, instructed by the humours of the age.

Premising thus much, we proceed to the subject of the present article. It is our purpose to give an outline of the life of Nell Gwyn, "pretty, witty Nell," as Pepys calls her, who, although she would scarcely be admitted now into the company of our wives and daughters, we hold to have been one among the most honest women of her time.

Considerable doubt prevails among antiquarians and historiographers, as to the exact place of Nelly's birth. The Coal Yard, a narrow alley on the east side of Drury Lane, and Pipe Alley, in Hereford, St. John's Parish, may be said to divide the honor between them. Certain it is that she was born in an *alley*, and if the horoscope of her nativity, supposed to have been taken by Lilly, be correct, this event occurred on the 2nd of February, 1650. Her father, according to one account, was descended from an ancient Welsh family, and served in the army with the rank of captain. Another, and older tradition, however, de-

\* The details in this sketch are derived chiefly from Cunningham's "Life of Nell Gwyn."

scribes him as a fruiterer in Covent Garden. Of her mother nothing is known, save the manner of her death. She was accidentally drowned in a pond at Chelsea. For the first ten or twelve years of her life, Nell lived among people, and in a quarter of the metropolis not particularly favourable to the education of the virtues. At the end of that period, the Restoration occurring, she speedily enlisted among the ranks of the orange women, whose regular profession it was to sell fruit at the Theatres. For upwards of twenty years these places of public entertainment had been closed. Under Presbyterian rule, the Theatre was regarded, in the words of a stern Polemic, as "one of the mouths of the infernal Pit." But King Charles, coming to the throne with tastes formed upon French models, and determined to reverse the social, no less than the political polity of his enemies, at once re-opened the only two\* Theatres then in London, and was at special pains to collect the best actors, who were liberally rewarded with both pence and praise. The first performance came off at the King's house, on the 8th of April, 1663, when Nell had just entered on her *teens*. "The stage," we are told, "was lighted with wax-candles on brass censers, or cressets. The pit lay open to the weather for the sake of light, but was subsequently covered in with a glazed cupola, which, however, only imperfectly protected the audience, so that in stormy weather the house was thrown into disorder, and the people in the pit were fain to rise." Nelly frequented the Duke's Theatre, or the *Opera* as it was called, where she soon became an immense favorite with the public. Her oran-

ges were in constant demand, and her beauty, wit and sprightliness of manner attracted a host of suitors.

But it was not until the winter of 1666 that her career may be said to have really commenced.—We find her, about this time, among the stock actors at the Drury Lane play-house. The first notice of her performance occurs in an entry of Pepys' Diary, made upon the 8th November. He says: "to the King's Theatre, and there did see a good part of the '*English Monsieur*,' which is a mighty pretty play—very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well, but above all *little Nelly*, that I am mightily pleased with the play, and much with the house, more than ever I expected, the women doing better than ever I expected, and very fine women." This comedy, written by the Hon. James Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law, strikes us (with proper deference to the opinion of the Master of the Acts,† as being a slow affair; nevertheless Nell Gwyn's rôle of *Lady Wealthy*, who is described as a rich widow, full of wit, gayety and grace, who teases her lover into a fever through four acts, but dutifully marries him in the fifth, suited Nell's genius admirably; her success in it was perfect. The following dialogue (by no means intrinsically brilliant), is one of the best portions of the play:

LADY WEALTHY—When will I marry you? When will I love ye? you should first ask.

WELBERED—Why! don't ye?

LADY W.—Why, do I! Did you ever hear me say I did?

WELBERED—I never heard you say you did not.

LADY W.—I'll say so now, then, if you long.

WELBERED—By no means. Say not a thing in haste you may repent at leisure.

\* These were the *King's Theatre*, Thos. Killigrew, Manager; and *The Duke's Theatre*, under the control of Sir Wm. Davenant.

† Pepys.

LADY W.—Come, leave your fooling, or I'll swear it.

WELBRED—Don't widow, for then you'll lie too.

LADY W.—Indeed, it seems 'tis for my money you would have me. Ay! deny it not; I'll lay a wager thou hast lost all thy money at play, for then you are always in a marrying humor. But d'ye hear gentleman, d'ye think to gain me with this careless way, or that I will marry one I don't think is in love with me?

WELBRED—Why, I am.

LADY W.—Then you would not be so merry. People in love are sad, and many times weep.

WELBRED—That will never do for thee, widow.

LADY W.—And why?

WELBRED—'Twould argue me a child, and were I not a man should I dare sue to thee? Weep for thee! ha! ha! ha! if e'er I do!

LADY W.—Go hang thyself.

WELBRED—Thank you for your advice.

LADY W.—When then shall I see you again?

WELBRED—When I have a mind to do it. Come, I'll lead you to your coach for once.

LADY W.—And I'll let you—for once.

[*Exeunt.*]

From this date Mistress Gwyn's reputation as a spirited and piquant Comedienne, steadily rose. Very few of her favorite characters, however, have been preserved. We have heard, in fact, but of *two*—*Celia* in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant," and *Florimel* in a tragi-comedy by Dryden, called "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen." The plot of the *latter* is reported by the Poet's Biographers—Walter Scott among them—to have been suggested by Charles himself, an assertion which is confirmed by certain passages in the Dedication. "It has been," says the author, "the ordinary practice of the *French* poets to dedicate their works of this nature to their King, especially when they have had the least encouragement to it by his approbation of them on the stage. But I confess I want the confidence to follow their example,

though, perhaps, I have as specious pretences to it for this piece, as any they can boast of; it having been owned in so particular a manner by his Majesty, *that he has graced it with the title of his play*, and thereby rescued it from the severity (that I may not say malice,) of its enemies."

The play was originally cast as follows:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Queen of Sicily,	Mrs. Marshall.
Candiope,	Mrs. Quin.
Asteria, the Queen's	
Confidant,	Mrs. Knepp.
<i>Florimel</i> , a Maid of	
Honour,	Mrs. Ellen Guin.
Flavia, another Maid	
of Honour,	Mrs. F. Davenport.
Olinda, } Sisters.	Mrs. Rutter.
Sabina, }	Mrs. E. Davenport.
Melissa, Mother to	
Olinda and Sabina,	Mrs. Cory.
Lysimantes, first Prince	
of the blood,	Mr. Burt.
Philocles, Queen's favor-	
ite,	Major Mohun.
<i>Celadon</i> , a Courtier,	Mr. Hart.

The reader will observe that there are eight female to but *three* male characters, a peculiarity which, so far as we are aware, does not occur in a single other drama composed for the English stage. The piece is excessively gross, but by no means destitute of wit. We may fancy the mingled archness and humour, the easy and coquettish nonchalance, which "pretty Nelly" threw into scenes like that near the beginning of Act 3rd.

[*Enter Celadon.*]

CEL.—Where are you, Madam? What! do you mean to run away thus? Pray, stand to't, that we may despatch this business.

FLO.—I think that you mean to watch me, as they do witches, to make me confess I love you. Lord, what a bustle have you kept this afternoon! What with eating, singing and dancing I am so wearied, that I shall not be in case to hear any more love this fortnight.

CEL.—Nay—but—

FLO.—(*Interrupting.*)—What King's

Revenue do you think will maintain this extravagant expense?

CEL.—I have a damnable Father, a rich old rogue; if he would but die! Lord, how long does he mean to make it 'ere he dies!

FLO.—As long as ever he can, I'll pass my word for him.

CEL.—I think we had best consider him an obstinate old fellow, that is deaf to the news of a better world; and ne'er stay for him—

FLO.—And e'en marry! you must excuse me!

CEL.—(Solemnly.)—But dost thou know what it is to be an old Maid?

FLO.—No! nor hope I sha'n't these twenty years.

CEL.—But when that time *does* come, thou wilt be condemned to tell stories how many Bachelors thou mightest have caught, and none believe thee. Then thou shalt grow froward, and impudently weary thy friends to solicit a husband for thee—

FLO.—Away with your old common place wit! I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty, and *slip out of the world with the first wrinkle, and the reputation of five and twenty.*

Pepys was in raptures with Nelly's acting. "So great a performance of a comical part," he exclaims in his Diary of the 24th May, 1667, "was never, I believe, in the world before as Nelly do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant, and hath the motion and carriage of a young spark, most that I ever saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her; in fine, 'tis an excellent play, and so done by Nell, her merry part, as cannot be better done in nature."

It was not to be expected that so clever and fascinating a woman, one, moreover, who pursued the dishonoured profession of a stage-performer,\* could escape the free attentions of the wits and gay gentlemen about town. But Nelly's taste—considering her antecedents, and the people and circumstances

that surrounded her—was by no means so depraved as one might have been led to imagine. Scandal was, of course, busy against her good name, but with no sufficient reason, as it seems to us, until she yielded to the addresses of Lord Buckhurst.

This nobleman was the Admiral Crichton of his day. Men of every party and shade of opinion, united in commending his talents, liberality and good feeling. Even the inconceivable corruptions of the society with which he mingled, seem to have but slightly darkened the crystal of his clear and noble nature. That he should have taken to himself a mistress and placed her temporarily at the head of his household, must not be viewed as matter for surprise, or for very grave blame. Buckhurst with all his generosity, and the fine qualities of his heart and mind, was not superior to universal convention.—In Nell Gwyn he found a kindred spirit. She was not merely witty and beautiful; deep below the sparkling surface of her gay humours, there flowed the streams of genial sentiment and womanly benignity. Now, Buckhurst was both a poet and philanthropist. His sympathies were amiable, his tastes naturally pure and good; he recognized kindred feelings in the poor actress, and elevated her to the position of his companion and friend. Thus, while Nelly appreciated him to the full intellectually, and lent to his entertainments at Epsom, (whither they removed soon after their connection,) all the brilliancy of her spontaneous wit, and graceful *badinage*, she also entered into his schemes of unostentatious benevolence, and even, it is probable, be-

\* Actresses in the age of Charles, and we may say for some generations after, were regarded as women of the worst character. What Dryden, in the Prologue to his *Marriage à la Mode*, calls the "frailty of play-house flesh and blood," afforded a common subject for the loose jesting of wits and play goers.

came the willing dispenser of his bounties. So the ties which bound them were by no means of the gross, sensual kind. We confess that it affords us pleasure to contemplate this portion of our heroine's career, nor does our conscience trouble us with the slightest hint that the charm is unlawful.

Lord Buckhurst's mansion was thrown open to all his friends, and the reputation of being a competent artist, or *litterateur*, was a card

of introduction which was never dishonoured. He gathered around him the noble, the gay, the learned, and the gifted from every quarter of his own country, and whenever a foreigner of note visited England, he was sure to find his way to Buckhurst's fascinating circle.\* The number, however, of these additions, must have been limited, for, during the summer of 1667, while Nelly and her lover held their merry court at Epsom, the fear of

\* Among Buckhurst's various claims to respectful consideration, we must not omit to mention his princely munificence to men of genius. *Butler* "owed to him that the Court 'tasted' his *Hudibras*, and *Wichertley* that the 'town' liked his '*Plain Dealer*.'" He was continually engaged in assisting destitute artists and poets; and was himself a poet of exquisite delicacy of fancy and feeling. His lyrics are peculiarly melodious, and his satires, though severe, possess a degree of refinement for which we search in vain among the works of contemporary writers. His popularity, and the high estimation of his genius and worth, have been singularly perpetuated. *Walpole*, Cynic as he was, has drawn his character with unwonted eulogistic warmth, and *Macaulay* speaks of him in terms which, to borrow the language of *Mr. Cunningham*, "were to have been expected rather from those who had shared his bounty, or enjoyed his friendship, than from the colder judgment of an historian, looking back calmly upon personages who have long ceased to influence or affect society." *Pope* composed his epitaph, *Prior* his panegyric. The latter praises his poetry highly, and especially a piece written at sea, 1665, the night before an engagement in the first Dutch war. As this Song is to be found now only in antiquarian collections, perhaps we shall be doing the reader a service by quoting it.

#### SONG.

To all you ladies now at land,  
We men at sea indite;  
But first would have you understand  
How hard it is to write;  
The Muses now, and Neptune too,  
We must implore to write to you,  
With a fa la fa, la, la,

For though the Muses should prove kind  
And fill our empty brain,  
Yet if rough Neptune rouse his wind  
To wave the azure Main,  
Our paper, pen and ink, and we  
Roll up and down our ship at sea,  
With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,  
Think not we are unkind;  
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost  
By Dutchmen, or the wind;  
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,  
The tide shall bring them twice a day,  
With a fa, &c.

The King with wonder and surprise,  
Will swear the seas grow bold,  
Because the tides will higher rise  
Than e'er they did of old;



the terrific plague of '65 continued to exercise its influence upon the minds of persons abroad, and comparatively few strangers ventured over from the Continent. Nevertheless, there was no lack of excellent company. Dramatists, critics, gallants, and ladies of the *ton* vied with each other in making the Epsom reunions delightful. Among his guests were Sir Charles Sedley, the Duke of Buckingham, Wych-

---

But let him know it is our tears  
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs,  
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know  
Our sad and dismal story,  
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe  
And quit their fort at Goree;  
For what resistance can they find  
From men who've left their hearts behind?  
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do their worst,  
Be you to us but kind;  
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spabiards curse,  
No sorrow we shall find;  
'Tis then no matter how things go,  
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,  
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,  
We throw a merry main;  
Or else at serious ombre play;  
But why should we in vain  
Each other's ruin thus pursue?  
We were undone when we left you,  
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,  
And cast our hopes away,  
While you regardless of our woe  
Sit careless at a play;  
Perhaps, permit some happier man  
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan,  
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear  
That dies in any note,  
As if it sighed with each man's care  
For being so remote;  
Think then how often love we've made  
To you, when all those tunes were played,  
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse  
To think of our distress,  
When we for hopes of honour lose  
Our certain happiness;  
All those designs are but to prove  
Ourselves more worthy of your love,  
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,  
And likewise all our fears  
In hope this declaration moves  
Some pity for our tears;  
Let's hear of no inconstancy,  
We have too much of *that* at Sea.  
With a fa, &c.

erley, and we have reason to think Dryden. Doubtless "glorious John," as Claude Halero terms him, felt more at home in Buckhurst's house than he did under his own roof-tree, darkened as it was by the uncomfortable stateliness of that very noble but unamiable dame—his wife. But we must not dwell too long upon this happy episode. Almost unexampled as Nelly's "luck" had been, the tide of her fortunes were not yet at high flood. "It never rains but pours," is a proverb which sometimes applies to the golden showers of prosperity. Nelly was, in one sense, about to be admitted to the part of *Danië*.

On the 19th of October, 1667, "The Black Prince," a play by the Earl of Orrery, was acted at the King's House, "Mistress Eleanor Gwyn" appearing in the character of Alice Piers, the Mistress of Edward III. Charles, who was present, here betrayed for the first time the dawning of a passion, which proved the one earnest and manly affection of his life. It is strange that Pepys, in his description of this drama, does not once mention his favorite Nelly. Yet, she must have been more than usually attractive. The Master of the Acts favours us with the following entry:

19th Oct.—"Full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's House, 'The Black Prince,' the first time it is acted; where, though we came by two o'clock,\* yet there was no room in the pit, but were forced to go into one of the upper boxes at 4s. a piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. And in the same box, (doubtless greatly to the joy and consolation of the excellent 'Master,') came by and by behind me, my Lord Barkeley

[of Stratton,] and his lady; but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat; and this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, and the King and Duke of York there. By and by the play begun, and in it nothing particular but a very fine dance for variety of figures, but a little too long. But as to the contrivance and all that was witty, which indeed was much, and very witty, was almost the same that had been in his two former plays of "Henry V." and "Mustapha," and the same points and turns of wit in both, and in this very same play often repeated, but in excellent language, and were so excellent that the whole house was mightily pleased all along, till the reading of a letter, (this letter occurs in the 5th act, and was read by Hart,) which was so long and so unnecessary, that they frequently began to laugh, and to hiss twenty times, that, had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the Stage. I must confess that, as my Lord Barkeley says behind me, the having of that long letter was a thing so absurd, that he could not imagine how a man of his (Lord Orrery's,) parts could possibly fall into it; or, if he did, if he had but any friend to read it, the friend would have told him of it; and I must confess it is one of the most remarkable instances of a wise man's not being wise at all times. After the play was done, and nothing pleasing them from the time of the letter, to the end of the play, people being put into a bad humor of disliking, which is another thing worth the noting, I

\* The reader will bear in mind that theatrical performances at this period invariably commenced at 3 P. M.

came home by coach, and could not forbear laughing almost all the way, and all the evening to my going to bed, at the ridiculousness of the letter, and the more because my wife was angry with me, and the world for laughing because the King was there."

What a complete foreshadowing of her own fate were the following lines from Act 2nd, the recital of which fell to Nelly's part!

"You know, dear friend, when to this  
Court I came,  
My eyes did all our bravest youths inflame;  
And in that happy state I lived awhile,  
When fortune did betray me with a  
smile,  
Or rather Love against my peace did  
fight;  
And to revenge his power which I did  
slight,  
Made Edward, our victorious monarch,  
be  
One of those many who did sigh for  
me:  
All other flame but his I did deride,  
They rather made my trouble than my  
pride;  
But this when told me made me quickly  
know  
Love is a God to which all hearts must  
bow."

The King's mistress at this period was a Miss Davis, the *Prima Donna*, as we may call her, of the Duke's Theatre, whose singing had fascinated the versatile monarch about a year before. But this little lady, (she is described as exceedingly *petit*.) who had dared to supplant the Countess of Castlemaine, and publicly to display under the very nose of that haughty beauty, and with an air of ostentatious bravado, a £700 diamond ring, which Charles had given her, was on the point, in her turn, of being supplanted. Rumors began to circulate among the gossips, that "the king had sent for Nelly at Whitehall." It was not, however, until the early part of the year 1670 that "the fact of the postponement of a new tragedy by Dryden, on

account of Nelly's being absent, confirmed these reports, and it was known even east of Temple Bar, and among the Puritans in the Blackfriars, that Nelly had become the mistress of the King." The absence referred to was caused by the birth of the future Duke of St. Albans. The reader will be inclined to ask—where, meanwhile, was Lord Buckhurst? Had he willingly given up his lovely companion to the care of royalty? We have no data upon which it is possible to found a positive reply; but it would seem that the King feared Buckhurst's rivalry, since we are told that no sooner had his Majesty taken a fancy to "pretty Nelly," than he deemed it advisable to despatch her lover upon some diplomatic, or ceremonious mission, to "a foreign power," whether to France or Italy, we do not just now remember. Dryden significantly declares it to have been a "sleeveless errand."

After the birth of her son, Nelly, as soon as possible, resumed her duties at the Theatre. The postponed tragedy of the "Conquest of Grenada was," says Cunningham, "first performed in the autumn of 1670—Hart playing Almanzor to Nelly's Almahide. With what manliness and grace of elocution must Hart have delivered the well-known lines,—

I am as free as nature first made man,  
'Ere the base laws of servitude began,  
When wild in woods the noble savage  
ran.

The attraction, however, of the play rested mainly upon Nelly, who spoke the prologue in "a broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt," and apologized in the following manner for her appearance, to the renewed delight of the whole audience:

This jest was first of the other House's  
making,

And five times tried, has never failed of taking;  
 For 'twere a shame a poet should be kill'd  
 Under the shelter of so broad a shield.  
 This is that hat whose very sight did win ye  
 To laugh, and clap as though the devil were in ye;  
 As then for Noakes, so now I hope you'll be  
 So dull to laugh once more for love of me.

"The jest of the other House's making" is said to have occurred in May, 1670, while the Court was in Dover to receive the King's sister, the beautiful Dutchess of Orleans.

The reception of her Royal Highness was attended with much pomp and gayety—the Duke's company of actors playing Shadwell's "Sullen Lovers" and Caryl's "Sir Salamon, or the Cautious Coxcomb," before the Dutchess and her suite. One of the characters in Caryl's comedy is that of Sir Arthur Addle, a bawling fop, played by Noakes with a reality of action and manner then unsurpassed upon the stage. The dress of the French attending the Dutchess, and present at the performance of the plays, included an excessively short laced, scarlet or blue coat, with a broad waist-belt, which Noakes took care to laugh at, by wearing a still shorter coat of the same character, to which the Duke of Monmouth added a sword and belt from his own side, so that he looked, as old Downes, the prompter assures us, more like a dressed-up Ape, or a quiz on the French, than Sir Arthur Addle.

"The jest took at once—King Charles and his whole Court falling into excess of laughter as soon as he appeared upon the stage, and the French showing their chagrin at the personality and folly of the imitation. The sword which the Duke had buckled on the actor

with his own hands, was kept by Noakes to his dying day.

"It was in the character of Almahide, in "The Conquest of Grenada," and while wearing her broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt, in the prologue to the same play that Charles became more than ever enamoured of Nelly. A satirist of the time has expressed the result of the performance in a couplet not wholly destitute of force,—

There Hart's and Rowley's souls she did ensnare,  
 And made a King a rival to a Player—

While Granville, who enjoyed the friendship of Waller, and lived to be the patron of Pope, has told the result in his poem called "The Progress of Beauty,"

Granada lost, behold her pomps restor'd,  
 And *Almahide* again by Kings adored.

"An effect from a stage performance which some still live to remember, when it found a parallel in the passion which George IV., when Prince of Wales, evinced for Mrs. Robertson, while playing the part of Perdita in "A Winter's Tale."

With the performance of *Almahide*, Nelly bade a final farewell to her profession of actress. In her peculiar range of characters she was without a rival. Every mood of the Comic Muse received a vivid interpretation from her perfect sympathy with all phases of wit and humour, whether exemplified in keen, quick, delicate repartee, or in the loud-tongued practicalities of the broadest farce. Contemporary criticism upon her powers as a comedienne, is continually running into ecstasy, and even rant. Stern amateurs, and cold *dilettanti* were wholly possessed and carried away by the spell of her charming impersonations. Her style of beauty added zest and piquancy to all she

said and did. When she laughed, her eyes were almost hidden in dimples, and every line of her expressive face seemed to share the genial merriment.

Having now arrived at the zenith of Nelly's fortunes, we shall leave her for the present to the enjoyment of the bright, but uncertain sunshine of royal favour. From this period we shall find that her character rapidly developed, not for evil, but good, and that this singular woman, born in the lowest dens

of metropolitan vice, reared in daily contact with infamy, and with scarce one noble or pious influence at any time brought to bear upon her education, was yet possessed of some rare virtues—virtues that place her in a position, which, compared with the positions occupied by such women as Louise de Querouelle, Evengard de Schulenberg, Barbara Palmer, the Countess of Castlemain, and a score of others that might be mentioned—was a position of purity and honour!

(Concluded in our next.)

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DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

PHILOTTA.—Man! Man! I pray thee  
 Blaspheme not thus; what can'st *thou* know of love?  
 'Tis true thou speak'st it boldly, from thy tongue  
 The word falls with a rounded fullness off—  
 And yet believe me, thou hast used a phrase  
 (A sacred phrase, and wretchedly profaned)—  
 Which, were thy years thrice lengthened out beyond  
 The general limit of our mortal lives,  
 And thou be made to pass through all extremes  
 Of multiform experience, it could never  
 Enter thy sordid soul to comprehend—  
 Love! my Lord Rousso, 'tis a holy thing,  
 That makes all hearts by its blest presence hallowed  
 A very sanctuary of noble thoughts, a shrine  
 For the pure God to dwell in: Lustful men,  
 Men like to those my Lord, with whom I think  
 You have been wont to mingle, whose low aims,  
 Brutish, and grovelling, and detestible,  
 Make us sometimes in bitterness to doubt  
 Our immortality,—have laughed to scorn  
 The aspiring virtues of the heaven-born Dweller,—  
 Their's is the scorn of Hell, the Fiend's false mock  
 Of that the Fiend hath lost!

## THE SMARTVILLE RAM SPECULATION.

It was Saturday afternoon, the first of June, 1814, that the famous merino ram arrived in the enterprising Connecticut village of Smartville.

His lucky owner, Mr. Abijah Bunnel, stalled him in his own parlor, and walked the house all night armed with a carving knife. Mrs. Bunnel caught a sneezing cold by getting out of bed fifteen or twenty times, to see if the doors were really bolted, or to open a window and cry, "I see you!" under the impression that robbers of rams were lying in wait among the squash vines and currant bushes of the garden. Next day, neither of them went to meeting, although both were "professors," and ordinarily as regular at service as the bell-ringer. They tried to quiet their consciences, however, by having family prayers in their parlor, and by reading about all the rams in scripture, including the ram's skins of the tabernacle, the ram's horns that overthrew Jericho, and the mountains that skipped like rams. In the meantime all church-going Smartville was in a state of worldly excitement that bordered on heathenism. Even Deacon Tough, usually so sharp-sighted in finding cracks for the introduction of long arguments about the "doctrings," had the wool of carnality pulled over his eyes, and was as much given up to the merino Mammon as any one. Before, between and after services the public conversation had a perpetual murmurous sound of "Brother Bunnel—Brother Bunnel." When Mr. Truman Tompkins, the minister, rose in the pulpit and pronounced his text—"Feed my Sheep"—there was a

general start in the audience, and every one looked for a moment as if about to enquire, "Merinos?"—While the preacher dilated, commentatorially, on biblical sheep and shepherds, his hearers listened with eager attention; but not so when he turned aside from these green pastures and still waters of discourse to arid deductions and stony applications; then their eyes wandered, and their fidgeting showed anxiety to reach the end of the journey. Had they known French, and had they dared to speak in meeting, they would have cried at each of these digressions: "*Revenons à nos moutons!*" Immediately, however, that service was over, and the congregation had got out of church, there was no longer question of any ram but the merino ram of Abijah Bunnel; and it became mournfully clear that sheep which had been sheared and eaten three hundred years ago, could make no lasting impression on Smartville consciences.

For this worldly excitement continued through a whole Sunday in Smartville, and through weeks of Sundays afterward; yea, and for a similar excitement spreading with widening ripples over the entire ocean of Yankeedom, one man was chiefly responsible. That man was David Humphreys, a native of Derby, in Connecticut, Colonel in the revolutionary army, aid-de-camp of Washington, Minister to Portugal, Minister to Spain, author as well as soldier, founder of the Brothers' Society of Yale, and one of the fathers of American manufactures. Returning from Spain, he brought the merinos with him, and established a woollen factory at Humphreysville, of late ridiculously dub-



bed Seymour. So far all was well; but the demon of speculation seized the merino horns, and blew there-upon a blast of malice; a blast which caused many golden walls to totter, and in particular made the ramparts of Smartville to tumble like those of old Jericho.

Abijah Bunnell's fellow-townsmen could hardly wait till sun-down, they were so anxious to get at him and commence bargaining for his merino. The old puritan custom of keeping Saturday night, still held in Smartville, and consequently Sunday evening was open to business, whereby the citizens refreshed themselves after four good hours of churchly service. Supper was hurried in every house, and these people prayed importunately for sunset.—But of all these fiery speculators, not one was so eager and astute as solemn, doctrinal, grey-headed, nasal Deacon Tough. Bolting his baked pork and beans as hastily as the hopper of a grist mill clatters down a peck of corn, he stuffed his wallet with bank bills, loaded his pockets with Spanish dollars, slipped out of his back door, and took up a concealed line of march for that house of which the ram was guest, and, it might almost be said, proprietor. Adown by-paths he slunk, through thickets he scuffled, until he had reached, unperceived, the back of Abijah's garden.—Climbing the pickets with great caution, so as not to tear his grey satinet pantaloons, nor catch the long tails of his black bombazine coat, he dodged behind a row of pea vines, and at last ensconced himself in a clump of currant bushes. There he drew out his ponderous silver warming-pan of a watch, and waited impatiently for six o'clock. "If the sun a'nt down then," muttered the Deacon, "he ought to be, and I shan't stop any longer for him."

Six o'clock slowly came; and many wearisome minutes after it came sundown. The God of day had just popped his red-hot nose beneath the cool, green horizon, as fifty scrambling, eager Smartvillains thundered at Abijah Bunnell's front door. Abijah had scarcely time to open it, when half a hundred men enquired, with one voice—"What will you take for your ram?"

"He's sold," gasped Mr. Bunnell, staring in astonishment at this extraordinary manifestation of the public excitement.

"Sold! sold!" shrieked fifty voices in tones of mingled lamentation and wrath. "Who bought him?" "Deacon Tough." "Darn the cunning old possum! Regular snake in the grass! What did he give for him? Two hundred dollars! Oh, Lordy, Bijah, you're ruined forever! Why, I'd have given two hundred and twenty-five. I'd have given two hundred and fifty. I'd have given three hundred. Oh, Bijah, Bijah, you're a darned fool!"

"I told you so," echoed Mrs. Bunnell, bursting out a crying. Yes, and all that night she continued to tell him so. Poor Abijah! that was the second twenty-four hours that he passed without slumber.—Early the next morning he borrowed twenty-five dollars, put them in a stocking with the two hundred which he had got by his premature bargain, and hurried over to the deacon's, prepared to sacrifice the whole if he could get the ram back again.

"Ah, Bijah!" snuffled the exasperating old gentleman, "I couldn't do it for that. Besides, he's sold."

"Sold!" shouted Abijah Bunnell, a sudden tear boiling over and simmering down his red-hot cheek.

"Yes. Farmer Rough got at me last night, and offered three hundred for him. I was a great fool to let the critter go; for two minutes

after, General Darling came and offered three hundred and fifty, and then Demas Smoother wanted him for four hundred. Oh dear! oh dear! I never was sharp enough in caring for the wife and children that Providence has vouchsafed me. I am worse than a heathen man and a publican, Brother Bunnel."

The Deacon simply did himself injustice. He was as keen as a Damascus razor—as faithful to his own interests as the unjust steward of the parable. He did not consider, in the anguish of his remorse, that the shrewdest, the most dexterous of mere human beings, is no match for the subtle, guileful, swindling Brownie of speculation.

And now, mounted on his car of idolatry, enshrined amid the blazing falsehoods which his worshippers lighted to his honor, the merino ram began to make the tour of Smartville. He had a new owner every day, and he occupied successively every stable in town. He boarded round in the village exactly like the district schoolmaster, with the exception, however, that he was vastly better fed, better bedded and more welcome. General Darling bought him of Farmer Rough; Widow Short bought him of General Darling; Lawyer Jackson bought him of Widow Short; Zebedee Billings bought him of Lawyer Jackson; Sam Wilkins bought him of Zebedee Billings; General Darling cut in and secured him again; Demas Smoother obtained him of General Darling; and so on through an infinite list of sales and purchases. At every "operation" the animal's value increased beyond conception. He was soon estimated at thousands; then people hardly knew what gigantic figure to rate him at; and finally he was supposed to be worth more than all the other taxable property of Smartville.

But the value of the beast himself was not the only benefit that accrued from his presence. He was like a propitious providence; he brought universal prosperity in his train; everything in Smartville appreciated because he was there. People universally felt rich, even those who had never owned him and could not hope to purchase him. Poor men, who merely saw him from day to day, as he went about from one lucky proprietor to another, did not hesitate, on the strength of that privilege, to run up store bills which at any other time would have frightened them out of their senses. Sam Wilkins had mortgaged his farm to buy the "critter;" and in consequence felt able to commence an extravagant house. General Darling had given his note for as much as he was worth, to effect his second purchase, and he therefore thought himself justified in setting up a barouche, coachman and pair of horses. Demas Smoother, elated at having held the merino a week, bought a water privilege, and laid the foundation of a woolen factory. The smallest farmer, the plainest mechanic was anxious to barter for his neighbor's homestead. Thus every man, householder or vagabond, rich or ragged, felt like a millionaire, and asked for nothing but a chance to run himself in debt for something, or, as he usually phrased it, to invest. But, however much all other species of property rose in the market, the wonderful ram, the primal cause of this prosperity, proved, of course, still more buoyant, and vaulted and bounded, and soared incomparably higher in the scale of value. Never, surely, was there such another elastic, flighty, ethereal old quadruped. He had, as it were, blown up Smartville into a kind of commercial balloon, and, fixing himself on the top

of it, was ascending into the highest, cloudiest heavens of speculation.

It was curious, meanwhile, to compare the preposterous value set on him, and the halo of adoration by which he was surrounded, with his ungainly and even mean physical appearance. Like Demosthenes at one time, his presence was awkward and his speech stammering. A stunted stature, slim and shabby legs, a shuffling, uncertain gait, a wizened old face, yellow eyes, one of them blinded, and horns twisted awry, constituted an exterior so far from majestic or attractive, that it was even contemptible. His very baa-a had not the healthy, rustic vigor marking the utterance of the native muttons, but sounded rather like the bleat of a half strangled puppy. He had no action, no pluck, no muscle; any Smartville ram could butt him topsy-turvy, up hill. Yet not the bull Apis, nor the sacred monkey of the Egyptians ever received such profound homage, and Smartville was actually on the knees of its pantaloons before the runty deformity. No one ventured to fleece him; in point of fact all were too busy in fleecing each other: but had this been otherwise, they would not have clipped a shag of that sacred byssus; it was more precious in their eyes than the golden fleece of Jason; it was more sacred than the ambrosial curls of Jupiter.

The speculation raged higher from day to day, until by a very simple process it came to a temporary dead-lock. The animal's value increased to such an enormous degree, that, elastic as was the credit system of Smartville, no single individual had means or could show securities enough to buy him. Hon. Demas Smoother, the aristocrat, politician and rich man of the town, had possession again, and held on

like a vice. In this difficulty the talents of a great genius blazed forth from under their bushel; while everybody else was floundering in the slough of despondency, Squire Jackson, who had already shown promise of financiering abilities, hit upon the stratagem of buying on shares. A club of four persons was formed, the ram was purchased at a stupendous valuation, and each member held a quarter section. Smartville was ready to put a crown of laurel on Squire Jackson's inventive brows, but was still more ready to pirate his idea, and therefore obtain possession of his merino. Other and richer associations were formed; and the indefatigable ram recommenced his wealth-dispensing travels. This device answered for six weeks or so, but gradually jolted into another dead-lock. The merino's financial weight grew into such an enormous ponderosity, that no kin-ship, no neighborhood, no trade interest in Smartville could raise motive power enough to start him when he got stuck a second time. Then did Squire Jackson surpass himself and produce a monetary invention, which put him at once, in the opinion of his townsmen, on a par with Solomon, Croesus, or any of the great financiers of ancient time. A mass meeting of citizens having been convened, he proposed the formation of the SMARTVILLE MERINO RAM JOINT STOCK MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The eloquent squire made a long and humbugging speech over his plan, like a hen screaming forth the excellencies of her last egg. Words until lately unknown in the dialect of Smartville, such wonder-working words as stocks, bonds, loans, scrip, expansion, contraction, deposits, circulating medium, liabilities, securities, rates of exchange, dividends, money basis, extension,

redemption, resumption, and fifty others as bewildering, leaped through his long, lank throat and enormous mouth, clean into the gaping ears and souls of his listeners. It seemed as if the village was more overrun with big, bellowing phrases, than was the Egypt of Pharoah with the croaking curse of frogs. This peroration was greeted with shouts of, "Well done, Squire!" and a stamping of feet as if a herd of wild buffalos had been let into the Town Hall. Sheets of paper were circulated immediately, and stock was subscribed for by the page, the quire, the ream. The capital of the company was fixed at a sum greater than Smartville had ever supposed it to be worth previous to this fortunate summer. One half went to the purchase of the ram, the rest to a water privilege and mills. Never did any human corporation go to building with such alacrity; there had been nothing like it, I am persuaded, in the architectural line, since the tower of Babel; no, not even since Milton's fallen angels erected Pandemonium. A new dam across the Minnecut, a gigantic factory, machine-shops, store-houses and boarding-houses for the hands, were all commenced simultaneously. Bricks and mortar rose to double their average commercial value, apart from the commissions on them, which went into the pockets of certain leading personages in the corporation.

Things might well go on thus vigorously, for the company was splendidly officered. Squire Jackson was President; Doctor Haycock was Cashier; there was a board of twenty Directors; there was another board of Sub-Directors; there were clerks, book-keepers and overseers more than plenty; in short, there was all the *personnel* of a mighty joint-stock company.

That no one might be without a motive for industry and faithfulness, the salaries were arranged on a scale of surprising liberality. Afterward, when wiser times came, it was computed that the legitimate expenses of the enterprise for six weeks would have been more than enough to devour the entire paid-in capital, without taking into account certain mysterious vanishings of funds from the treasury. This enormous outlay of course tapped the availabilities of the company early and freely. Squire Jackson was surprised to see the shot running low in his lockers so soon; but it was not in him to be disconcerted. He issued bonds on the original stock, then more bonds, and then more still, as necessity required, until in a very little while the quantity of scrip out amounted to twice the original capital of the corporation. Great was the admiration of the Smartvillains for their financier; they were astonished to find a man who could raise money without borrowing it, or making it.

In the meantime the ram was luxuriously cared for. A handsome brick stable was built for his accommodation, and Abijah Bunnel was appointed conservator over him with the title of Keeper of the Ram. The animal had a blanket of crimson velvet, embroidered in huge capitals "S. M. R. J. S. M. Co.," standing of course for Smartville Merino Ram Joint Stock Manufacturing Company; and the same majestic letters were also stamped in a circle around his wretchedly brief tail. Every morning as Abijah led out his charge to exercise, and walked him thus sumptuously arrayed up and down the common, hordes of villagers would gather round, and translate the inscription to each other with indefatigable perseverance and satisfaction.

The great company rolled pon-

derously onward, but with rather more jolts and shakings than had been anticipated. It soon had to meet a whole army of unexpected outlays, beyond and outside of the outrageous extravagances which Squire Jackson delighted to term its legitimate expenditures. The dam, when completed, was found to overflow the water privilege of Demas Smoother, who, of course, instituted a law-suit, and claimed a Golconda or so of damages. It was natural that Squire Jackson should argue the case for the company, and it was also natural that he should receive an enormous fee therefor. The first trial being held in Smartville, the lawyer gained it of a necessity; for every solitary jurymen was either the son of a stockholder, or the brother of a stockholder, or in some way related to a stockholder in the great corporation. But the heroic Smoother appealed, and the next court reversed the first court's decision. This was a stumper; all Smartville said that nothing could be done but buy Demas out, whatever he chose to ask; but ingenious Jackson hit upon a financiering device which still better answered the public interests. He took the exacting Smoother into the S. M. R. J. S. M. Co., accepted his mill and water privilege at a high figure, constituted them into a "branch establishment," sawed the branch up into shares of stock, and then proceeded to clothe it with his favorite foliage of bonds. Again the village was in ecstasies over its great man, and felt like begging leave to kiss the very points of his splay-footed shoes. How humbly the first people in the community stood up in his humbugging presence, and meekly sought answers from him to questions about their own property, while he swelled and blew and snorted with windy con-

ceit, sprawled out on two or three chairs at once, in the office of the S. M. R. J. S. M. Company! Alas! merino wool and gold dust had totally blinded the eyes of Smartville.

But there must come a change over the spirit of all dreams. It is asserted by naturalists (or ought to be,) that while a frog can undoubtedly swell to a monstrous extent, yet there will arrive a point of expansion, when he must stop or burst. An accident, the tickling of a straw, the grating of a pebble, some trifling exterior circumstance that would not even inconvenience him in his normal state, will then become the creature's death warrant and cause him to go off with fatal explosion. Exactly such a tickling finally arrived to the Smartville Merino Ram Joint Stock Manufacturing Company.

One fine October morning, when shares and bonds stood out of sight above par, a dreadful report rushed through the village, scattering more dismay than a stampede of mad bulls, to the effect that the ram had been stolen. This was an "operation" for which Smartville was not prepared, and it felt like a man who gets up in the morning to find himself blooming out with the small-pox. Deacon Tough and other venerable speculators were ready to fall backward and break their necks, after the manner of Eli when he heard that the Ark was taken. However, the town was on its legs presently, puzzled and staggering to be sure, but rushing to and fro with frenzied energy in search of its abducted Deity. Like Laban, it was ready to assault any one, exclaiming, "Why hast thou stolen my goods?" A vigilance committee was chosen; half the citizens volunteered as special constables; Bijah Bunnel drove his pony to a mere heap of skin and

bones; those who had no horses rode nightmares without cessation; people generally wore out their boots in searching for the lost sheep of Smartville. On the third morning of the creature's disappearance, a miserable, wilted old ram, entirely shorn of his wool, was observed browsing on the village common. The youngsters of the district school commenced teasing him, whereupon he took refuge in Widow Shorter's dooryard. The old lady rushed out, snapping and snarling in her usual manner when boys were about, her thin grey hair flying like cobwebs on a broom, her green eyes glaring through her tortoise-shell spectacles, and her wrinkled hands uplifted, but not in benediction. "Go along to school, you pesty little whelps, you!" she squalled. "An't you ashamed of yourselves for persecuting a poor dumb critter?—a ram too, and for aught you know, a meryner ram!"

The boys quailed and scampered before the tempest of her indignation; and the widow then proceeded to coax the forlorn, half-deformed creature with a leaf of cabbage. In reply, he gave forth a weak, wailing baa, like the bleat of a consumptive puppy. "Mercy on us!" cried the widow, almost taken faint. "Why, he has a voice like the meryner. Bijah! Bijah Bunnel!" she screamed as she saw the keeper clatter by in his yellow wagon. "Bijah! Bi-jah! do come here. I do believe that here's the meryner. Oh, what a most heavenly providence to bring him back to us!"

Abijah drove up to the fence, and surveyed the animal with doubt, with recognition, with joy and with horror. It was the merino beyond question; he knew him by his wiggle-waggle and his baa; but, alas, how had the glory and the wool departed! Trembling with mingled gladness and indignation, he crawl-

ed from his wagon on to the fence, rolled into the yard, and sunk on his knees before his recovered but fearfully dilapidated idol. He kissed the creature's withered face, and then, turning him round, kissed the "S. M. R. J. S. M. Co." which was still faintly visible on his hind quarters.

"Who sheared him?" he exclaimed, when he could recover voice. "I'll shear the rascal's ears off!—shear his head off!—shear the flesh off his bones!"

"Bless me, what an ugly critter he is!" muttered the widow. "Well, if he wasn't a meryner, I should say he was a mean, dirty little beast, not worth five dollars. Dear me! I don't see after all how he can be so enormous valuable."

A crowd soon gathered; prodigious was the excitement, the joy, the fury; execrations went up and burst like volleys of sky-rockets; enormous vengeance was threatened against the unknown perpetrator of the outrage. Some of the sager spectators, however, surveyed the wretched animal, now uncovered in all his native ugliness, with the silence of blank dismay. They suspected for the first time that this was no merino at all, but a specimen of some plebeian breed, whose fleece had been "doctored" to make him resemble the famous, the priceless Spaniards. They could scarcely credit their senses as they gazed on the shabby, pot-bellied scare-crow. Was this, indeed, the God in whom they had trusted? Were those vile legs the supports upon which they had spread the immense pavilion of their business prosperity, their mercantile expansion? Truly the State tottered. They began to feel as if their gigantic bubble of credit was breaking, and they were already sliding down its dissolving sides into the gulf of bankruptcy. But in general, people still believed in



the ram, and only thought of discovering and assaulting the scoundrel who had outraged his woolly sanctity. The discussion was still vehement as to who probably was and who probably was not the offender, when Zebedee Billings, Cashier of the Merino Ram Bank, burst wheezing into the crowd, gave a yell, and fainted dead away under the nose of the ram, who immediately took the opportunity to butt at the old gentleman's bald cranium. Water was flung in Billings' face, his neck-cloth loosened, and presently he came to himself. His first word was: "Defalcation!"

"What's the matter?" roared every Smartvillain at once.

"Gone!" gasped Billings.—  
"Smoother's gone. Took every penny in the vault. Hasn't left a penny."

"Robbed the vault!" stammered Jackson. "Then he—he sheared—sheared the merino."

Well, he did. Yes, he did. And that, too, notwithstanding that he was a patriot, postmaster and superintendent of the Sabbath-school. The crowd made a furious rush upon his house, but they found no wool there, no pennies and no Smoothers. The unctuous, shining, genteel Demas was gone, taking with him his family, the bank specie, and, for aught that was known to the contrary, the invaluable fleece of the merino. A pretty panic he started by his operation. How the shares began to fall, bump! plump! squash! like rotten pears of a windy autumn morning. For many times seven days the ram's horns had been compassing our Connecticut Jericho, and now the walls thereof commenced visibly to gape for hideous ruin. The great financier, indeed, tried to uphold confidence by declaring that the scrip was good as long as the ram was safe; and that

a large crop of dividends was sure to every man who held on stoutly to his interests in the corporation; but his arguments were only partially successful. People had not exactly lost confidence in the merino, but they had lost confidence in themselves and each other. Then, too, in consequence of the defalcation, a run commenced on the Merino Ram Bank. It was in vain that Cashier Billings came out on the steps, took off his hat, and swore that the institution was sound as a bottle, and could redeem its notes as easily as the Minneceut could run down hill. The stampede of bill holders still continued, and in twenty-five minutes from the commencement of the run, the bank had suspended.

This circumstance doubled the confusion, and all those puffy speculators, lately so presumptuous and blatant, held their breath as they looked down the stream of fate. They began to suspect a cataract at hand, and they wondered how they were fitted to go over. It became evident on a very slight examination that the community was ill-prepared to meet a crisis, notwithstanding that it had enjoyed what the Smartville Journal styled "a warm but pleasant summer of unprecedented commercial prosperity." The citizens had been so occupied in buying and selling the ram, that, with the exception of building expensive houses, barns and factories, every other industry had ceased. Fields had gone unplanted; crops had rotted ungathered; the despised native wool remained unspun; provisions were already at famine prices; in short, Smartville was living on expectations and on tick. Every man had immense credits out; but then, unluckily, he had just as enormous debts out. Some persons had bought the ram so often and sold

him so often, had subscribed for so many shares and parted with so many, that they could not, by any perseverance, cipher out where they stood. It seemed as if the darkness of Egypt had fallen on the village, so that no man might know whether or not he walked on the verge of a precipice. And now, in the plentitude of their tardily arrived wisdom, the Smartvillains began to suspect that they had swapped their jackets until they had quite worn them out, and left themselves naked to the winter of coming adversity.

For some days there was mere dead obstruction in the mercantile world of Smartville. Then Deacon Tough brought the public boil to a head by coming down on his debtors with attachments, by way of drawing plasters, and a sheriff for a surgeon. Farmer Rough, the first man who had purchased of him, was naturally his first game. Followed by his sheriff, the Deacon slyly wended his way through the thickets of Double Rock, and approached by back roads the dwelling of his debtor, situated among the arable slopes and hollows of Bibberry. Presently he heard an immense shouting ahead, which he recognized as proceeding from the brazen lungs of Farmer Rough. Striding onward rapidly, though stealthily, he came to the brink of a hollow from which the noise evidently proceeded, and, listening attentively, discovered that the vocal uproar was mingled with a rapid tramp of horses' feet, and a clash as of steel among pebbles. Climbing a fence and peering through some alder bushes, the Deacon saw something which made him think that his debtor had gone crazy. Farmer Rough had yoked both his horses to his harrow, and, mounted on one of them, was flogging up and down the field at full gallop,

his hat off and his grey hair flying, while the instrument of iron teeth leaped and bounced at his heels like a mad catamount.

"Mercy on us, Brother Rough! what air you about?" shouted the Deacon, running down the little slope. The farmer took no notice of him, and rushed straight by on his course, as swift, clamorous and terrible as Achilles in his chariot, thundering over the plains of Troy.

"Brother Rough!—Brother Rough!" reiterated Tough, "What are you a doing?"

The other heard him at last, half turned his head to see who it was, and bellowed: "Har—rer—ing!"

"But bless my body! who ever heard of harrowing at a full run? Why, you'll kill your horses; they're all in a foam now."

"Let 'em foam!" shouted the farmer. "They've got to do it.—Get up! They hav'nt worked all summer.—Go 'long! I hav'nt worked either. Hey there!—I'm making up lost time.—Hey! Get up! Go 'long!"

"But stop a minute, Brother Rough. I've got a little business with you."

"Ca'n't stop —Hey there!—Get out of the way, Deacon!—Hey up!—Making up lost time.—Go 'long!—Hey!"

The harrow turned a corner as quick as lightning could make a zigzag, tearing up the earth in its course like a ship's bow flinging off the light sea-foam. The Deacon performed a monstrous leap, and barely saved himself from being dismembered; an instant more and his very bowels would have been harrowed into the soil of the hollow, no doubt to its great enrichment. Frightened and furious, he retreated out of the lot, and held a council of war with his constable, the result of which was that they left Farmer Rough undisturbed in

his mad labors, and hastened back to the village to clap their attachments on some less dangerous defaulter. Furnished with a new form, the Deacon repaired boldly to the office of Lawyer Jackson. With commendable forbearance he left the sheriff on the common, and walked in alone to see what could be accomplished by persuasion, before he tried the thumb-screws of the law. "Oh, Squire," he snuffled, "could'n't you let me have the four hundred you borrowed of me? The fact is, I want to pay my pew rent, and then there's the contribution for the Japan Mission a coming upon us soon."

"Ca'n't do it, really, Deacon," said the great financier, with heathenish unconcern for the pew-rent and the Japanese. "Tight time for money just now. No pressure that I know of; but a most ridiculous panic. You just go along and make yourself perfectly easy till—well, till Christmas, may be. The money market will get up by that time, and I shall have a chance to collect. Keep cool, try to keep other people cool, and things will come right again in no time. Good morning, Deacon."

"Ca'n't wait, nohow; wo'n't wait," persisted the creditor, his whine deepening to a growl. "I've waited long enough for my money, and you know it; and now I *will* have it."

"Ca'n't pay, and wo'n't try. You don't suppose I am going to sacrifice myself because you are in a fret, do you?" returned the financier indignantly, as if he were a much wronged individual."

"Well, Squire Jackson, then you just look out for yourself!" exclaimed the Deacon, pale with fear and anger at the thought that he might never more see his four hundred dollars. "I've got a constable here, and he's got an attach-

ment for you. So, now, will you pay up?"

"Attach and be hanged!" retorted the lawyer, who had plenty of that brass which every great financier must have, and which he so well knows how to coin into gold. "I'm mortgaged up to my neck."

"You've failed then; you are a bankrupt!" shouted the Deacon, dancing with rage in his ponderous cowhides.

"I hav'nt failed, you stupid old bloodsucker. I've suspended. I ask an extension."

"I'll suspend you; I'll extend you—oh, you cheating blackleg!" screamed the creditor, rushing out after his constable.

"Stop!" called the lawyer, running to the window. "Don't precipitate a crisis, Deacon. I have it; I can satisfy you. There's General Darling's note for \$450—I'll give you that to clear me."

"I wo'n't take his note; he can't pay," replied the Deacon, beckoning to his sheriff.

"Well, there's the ram. I'll let you have eight shares in the ram, worth eight hundred at the lowest figure. That's double the debt!"

"I wo'n't have 'em. I wo'n't take any more shares. He's got the whole of us tangled in his wool now, the rotten old critter!"

The Deacon applied his attachment, and sucked vigorously with it; but not a drop could he extract from the body of his victim. An encumbrance of mortgages more impenetrable than the sevenfold bull-hides of Ajax, covered his debtor's property; and it lay as safe there, and as lifeless too, as any ancient knight that was ever overturned and smothered in his own plate armor. The Deacon then came down on other defaulters, but they were all buried under mortgages, or confined stiff and starch in

notes which they could not meet or checks which they could not honor. Frightful were the consequences of his rash endeavor to regain his own. His attachments inaugurated a new and more vehement squeeze in the pressure. It seemed as if people had only been waiting for the first blow, to break out in a general legal skirmish, or free fight, each man hitting about him indiscriminately with his executions, and making a riot as confused and desperate as a Donnybrook firing. Everybody got out writs at once, and served them on everybody else. All Smartville would have gone to jail for debt, if the jail had been big enough, and if there had been any solvent person left outside to lock it. At first, indeed, some of the Smartvillains consoled themselves with the idea that, after all, they only owed each other, and that consequently they would be able to close their embarrassments by mutual concessions and exchanges. But very soon it was discovered that the place had bought from abroad largely beyond its means to settle. The store-keepers had carted in loads of silks, ribbons, bonnets, liquors, segars and other absurd luxuries, which had been freely distributed among their customers and made a noble show of credit on their account-books, but were still unpaid for by either retailer or consumer. Thus, foreign bailiffs and attorneys, alien writs, attachments and executions, rushed in to mingle with the native horde, and give Smartville up to a species of legal rapine. As the ram was still high in credit, it was upon him that people generally tried to seize first as security. More executions were served on this wonderful animal than he had hairs in his wool; all the sheriffs of all the neighboring country had their turn at him, until he bristled as full of attachments as a porcupine of quills.

In this extremity of things, Squire Jackson exerted himself like a great financier, a great rascal, and a great blockhead. He declared a bogus dividend and did not pay it. He issued new bonds over the old ones, and fairly dumped them into the market like a load of rubbish, giving them away when he found that they were unsaleable. The consequence was that the certificates of the great S. M. R. J. S. M. Company were soon reduced to such a contemptible valuation, that a man might have used them to paper his parlors, without being guilty of enormous extravagance. Before long, things came to such a desperate pass that it was impossible to sell, and equally impossible to hold on. Then did Squire Jackson conceive and produce the wonderful plan of making the ram take the back track, and re-pass through the hands of all his previous possessors, thus taking up the debts of Smartville one by one, and bearing them off on his shorn shoulders, as the scapegoat of the desert used to carry off the sins of the Israelites. This extraordinary scheme would have been difficult to execute, even had there occurred no further complication in the business affairs of the place. But a discovery was now at hand—a keen, searching, merciless discovery—which cut up even the assurance of the great financier, and disembowelled Smartville at once like an opened oyster.

The youngest son of Demas Smoother was caught in a neighboring town, brought home, incarcerated, and bullied into a confession. He acknowledged that his father had stolen the merino ram, sheared the merino ram, and robbed the Merino Ram Bank. He said that his honored father had been led into this course of speculation (he called it speculation) by a discovery that the great joint

stock company had lent so much money to its president and various directors on good-for-nothing security, and was so unlikely to get the same back, that in all probability it was enormously insolvent. Anxious to save himself and family from poverty, he had purloined the merino with the hope of smuggling him out of town, and selling him for enough to cover his own investments. But the general search had been so instant and eager, that he had not been able to effect this operation, and had besides been pitifully frightened at the prospect of exposure and a consequent blight upon his Christian reputation. He had therefore sheared off the fleece, and slyly turned the animal loose at midnight. Awful to relate, however, that wool which had been supposed to be so valuable, had proved to be not merino at all, but only some common stuff which had been oiled, colored and otherwise "doctored" to resemble merino. The deceit had come out on washing the wool; and then it was that his poor father had defaulted.

There was no disputing the youth's story, for he led the citizens to the place where the false fleece was buried. There it lay, the hairy deception—common, plebeian, worthless, ruinous! Smartville saw and cursed its Gods. In that one moment its ruin was complete and irrecoverable. The ram was at protest, and consequently they were all at protest; he had been the circulating medium of Smartville, and now he failed to circulate; he had been its wealth, and now he was its indebtedness. In those days the stockholders of a concern were liable to the full amount of their individual property; and consequently every soul in town went up when the great engine of the place, the S. M. R. J. S. M. Co., blew to pieces. The air seemed to be full of the

heads, legs, arms and trunks of shattered capitalists. No Roman battering ram ever demolished a fortress so utterly and neatly as did this sham merino knock over the monetary ramparts of Smartville, with all their armament of stocks, bonds, notes, checks, drafts, orders, bills of exchange, and all their garrison of bankers, cashiers, tellers, clerks, directors and presidents.—The list of failures next day in the Smartville Journal filled every column of the paper, and comprised the entire adult population, so that it might have served as a sort of directory. It was the last issue, by the way, of that brilliant periodical.

Hard times now in Smartville! No work to be done, and no pay to be got for doing it. The great money lords, who had hitherto employed so many laborers and kept so many servants, had all popped in rapid succession, like parched corns on a hot shovel. People rushed by scores into the poor-house, until that too collapsed, with every other public institution. Thanksgiving day was not celebrated; contributions for missions were not taken up; the schools were closed, and Parson Tompkins dismissed; in short, civilization went back a hundred years in Smartville.—Farmer Rough ploughed and harrowed at full gallop until he and his horses dropped dead together. Abijah Bunnel lost his wits, and spent the remainder of his existence in baaing about the village on all fours, demanding enormous prices for himself, under the impression that he was a merino of the noblest Spanish pedigree. Lawyer Jackson left the town, and was subsequently heard of in a penitentiary among a number of other distinguished financiers. Demas Smoother never returned to encounter the vengeance of his fel-

low-citizens, preferring to go west, speculate in lands, discover bogus copper mines, and finally get himself elected to Congress, where his tastes for appropriations and defalcations could meet with sympathetic indulgence.

As for the ram himself, he sunk instantly into general contempt and execration. There was a great dispute as to whose he was, everybody denying any manner of seizure or possession; the public anxiety being no longer to own the famous (so-called) merino, but to get utterly and forever rid of the famous (so-called) merino. People said that he carried about liabilities enough to break the back of the United States government. Thus the late

deity and wonder of the place was turned out on the common, unshorn as he was, and without the cold comfort of so much as a frozen cabbage stalk, to take care of himself as he best might, amid November winds and December snow storms. At last the boys stoned him to that degree that he ran away and never returned.

Smartville had a hard winter, nearly starved and nearly froze to death; but Smartville learned wisdom by its calamities, and did not speculate again for a third of a century; not till a new generation had grown up in it, and got old enough to play the parts of great fools and great financiers.

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DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

ANTONIO.—Lord Rouso! I have heard it whispered oft  
Amongst the lonely peasants in this Isle,  
That underneath that smooth and flattening front  
There lurked a mine of blackest villainies;  
I did deny it once; what shall I say  
When next the public voice decries your Lordship?

Rouso.—A jest! I do assure you but a jest!  
This cloak which in your self-devoted flight  
To rescue the good father Andreas,  
(I do rejoice to see his Saintship safe,)  
You dropped some few rods from the threshold there,  
I cast in careless fashion on my person,  
And knowing that Philotta would be glad  
To hear that thou had'st so far braved the force  
O' the treacherous elements, I called upon her;  
She did me the great honor to confound  
Your humble servant with Antonio,  
And 'ere I was aware sprung to my arms  
With such a blinded ecstasy of rapture,  
That I had well nigh sunk into the earth  
From the mere stress of native modesty;  
A jest! a jest! and nothing but—a jest!—



## CRIMES WHICH THE LAW DOES NOT REACH.

## NO IV.—THE BEST OF FRIENDS.

"Tell you a story, my dear girls!" cried Aunt Milly, removing her gold-rimmed spectacles and carefully wiping them, "how should I have any stories to tell?"

"Oh, yes, you must have. Think, Aunt Milly; just "gather your recollections" a little. Like Blenda's revered grandmother, in Mrs. Carlen's "Cousin John," "you have seen the world," and must have profitted by that view sufficiently to be able to entertain us with one tale at least."

"Seen the world, ah my dear child, I *have* seen it, and the sight never gave me much pleasure. I even almost wish for you, my poor, young, innocent babies, that none of you should ever "see the world." I have seen good called evil, and evil, good. I have seen virtue do vicious acts, and I have seen poor vice perform the highest and noblest works. I have seen the unkindest people applauded for their wonderful charity, and I have seen the warmest hearts crushed because they were misunderstood—in a word, I have seen the great spirit of "humbug" which governs society, ride triumphant over honesty and sincerity, and I have long come to the conclusion that the earth would be a fair place to dwell in, if it were not for the men and women that inhabit it."

"You! Aunt Milly, you think all that—and where would you put your friends? You have the best of friends ———."

"Stop, stop, Lucy. I protest against that phrase. Heaven defend me from having "the best of friends." I learned to despise those four words

long, long ago. I *have* had and I have good friends, and some loving relations, but never accuse them in my hearing of being "the best of friends." They don't deserve such an insult. You need not smile. And on the whole, you have gained your wish, for I think I can tell you a story, of which you have reminded me."

Her nieces gathered closer around the old lady, already thanking her.

"Don't thank me yet. I am but a dull body as you know, and my tongue is not so loosely hung nor so gifted with words as your mother's, children. But, I do recollect what you may call a story, and I'll tell it to you. If you get tired you can stop me. Years ago, when I was about your age, younger than you, Mary, just turned of sixteen, I had a friend whose name was Margaret—it don't matter the surname. Madge, she was generally called, and Madge and Milly went together as smoothly and lovingly as their sound in speaking. She was the wildest, flightiest, sauciest little puss you ever saw. Bright, full of mischief and as really good as gold. I was much quieter than she and not half so clever. She was a great belle and I was only moderately admired. She would have shared her partners with me any day, as I would have shared my purse with her—for I was much the richer of the two—but both of us were proud with all our affection for each other, and she often wore an old gown, and danced the whole evening, while I looked on in some splendid silk with an occasional invitation to keep me from utter despair, and to

take the sitting-down creases out of my famous new dress.

Madge made more enemies than friends. She was so fond of laughing and joking, and people never half understood her, and thought her malicious when she was only merry. My father—your good grand-papa, my dear ones—fell into ill-health when I was about seventeen, and I accompanied him to Europe, where we made the grand tour, and I studied French, and learned to sing, and took dancing lessons in Paris, and returned quite an accomplished young lady for those days, because then, girls were not taught everything as you all have been, which is very proper and right, I am sure. I heard frequently from Madge during our absence. Her letters were at first very gay and funny, and many a laugh I had over them—but before we came back, I saw a change. She did not write so often, and she was fitful—sometimes quite like herself and then very sombre and sad. It was a great pleasure to me to see her again: she came immediately to the house, and welcomed me so warmly (I had been away three years) and talked so much and so fast that I could not judge about it, nor did I even think at first, to look for the change in her.

But presently there was a calm, and then I noticed such a worn look about her eyes, and a nervous quiver around her mouth—it puzzled and distressed me. I asked her if she were well—"yes, quite well, what a question? did she look ill?" she answered, and then rattled on with such a false ring in her old joyous tones, that I had tears in my eyes, instead of smiles on my lips. "What a goose you are, Milly," she said impatiently, "what ails you? I took her two hands in mine, and gazed fixedly at her. She dropped her head upon our joined hands and cried, oh! so bitterly!

Then she told me all, children: she told me how the whole city was busy with her name, and how she was almost beside herself with horror and indignation and despair. She told me how she was persecuted by her family to marry, and how, she thought she would, just to be rid of this stunning pain which pursued her day and night. "You know me, Milly," she said, "I am a great coward: I can't face alone all those vile stories —." "But my darling," I exclaimed, "who can believe anything against you? Your life has been open as the day." "That is just it. I have laughed and talked and lived freely, innocently, without disguise. Had I hid in corners and done a thousand things which I know of others doing, I would have escaped censure. They turn against me the very fearlessness which my innocence of harm gave me." "But your friends," I said, "where are they?" "I have the best of friends," she answered, smiling sadly, "and this is their counsel—marry." What is that book you all rave over—that wonderful book by that Mr. Thackeray? "The Newcomes"—that is it? do you recollect Lady Clara's marriage to Barnes Newcome? When I read what he says about that marriage and the preparations for it, I thought of my poor Madge. There was no "Jack Belsize" in the case: she was fancy free, but she cared no more for her affianced lover, than I did, and I could not bear him. Her father and mother kept on praising him, it seems, and putting him in the best light, and showing Madge plenty of sunshine wherever he stood, and a great deal of darkness for her, everywhere else. She was weary and dispirited, and they petted her, and consoled her, and encouraged her, when she would listen to this gentleman's addresses, and were very grim and

cross when she was restive and unwilling.

I thought it a great wickedness, children, as I do still, to make such a marriage, and instead of urging it, I wondered that her parents did not oppose it, but "the world" judged differently and my own dear mamma, blessed angel as she is at this moment, often said to me, "Milly, daughter, Madge has the best of friends, and they know what is best for her happiness."

Well, dears, I was brides-maid, first brides-maid, and I stood beside my poor pale darling when she gave herself with solemn oaths to a man whom I knew, and she knew, and all her people knew, she didn't like, and when the Bishop asked about any one being aware of a just cause or impediment, I could scarcely keep from crying out, that I knew impediment enough in all conscience, to stop such ungodly proceedings—but I didn't, and they were married, and what a marriage it was! Paired, but not mated, surely. He did not suit her, and she did not suit him, and there were quarrels, and bickerings and heart-burning. She flirted, and he hunted and rode about the country, and everybody said "what a shame!"

Then I used to get angry and ask what was to be expected, when a young girl was coaxed into a union without love or decent esteem: but that only made things worse, for I was invariably answered that she had the best of friends, who only acted for her good, and now she was distressing them by her wild ways more than ever. After a while, Madge sobered down a little: she had a pair of pretty boys, and if she had only had for a husband one who could have taken the reins, and guided her properly and made her respect him, I think they might have got along. But she was his superior and scorned him: and he

lost his temper and flew out at her, and oh! my dears, it was dreadful. Everybody did not know the full truth, however, because they were seldom seen together, only Madge's mind being bright and grasping, she was continually taking up studies and people—all sorts of odd people who taught her all sorts of odd things. She built an observatory and went star-gazing with a German in blue spectacles; I am sure I don't know what he could see through them. Madge told me he was a genius. He might have been, but he never looked clean. Then she got tired of the stars, and took to botany, with a Frenchman all snuff and red handkerchief. After botany, came painting—then music—scientific music, with never a tune in it—and another Frenchman.

Poor thing! she was unhappy and ambitious, and she tried to fill up her life in this way. And so, the city kept the list of her different great friends, her masters as she called them, and said it was "very strange." Old Mrs. Marshall who never left her own house, and knew more news than any body, could entertain her visitors by the hour with tales of poor Madge. Gradually, folks turned a cold shoulder upon her, and she began to receive slights from this one, and rudeness from that one.

With all her cleverness and superiority, she was very sensitive—a dunce could hurt her through her feelings. She became sad and more dissatisfied than ever. The tears would roll out of her large black, wistful eyes when she talked to me about some one's coldness or some one's indifference to her. And it really seemed as if it were exactly from those who owed her most, that she got the least.

I used to say to her, "why do you mind it, Madge? It is because

they see *that* they can hurt you, that some people do these things. Shut your eyes and your ears. Live with those that love you." "Who loves me, Milly?" "Who loves you? why plenty of people. There is your family. You have the best of friends."

"Have I?" she asked, looking vaguely ahead—"then I wish I could change them for the worst." "My dear!" I exclaimed, "how can you——?" "Milly," she went on, taking my hand, "who do you suppose my sister Julia dined with yesterday? Lucy Murray, who cut me last week. Who do you think my two brothers are entertaining in the country? Barry Davis, who spoke of me so impertinently at a supper, that my good old friend George Dunlap, rose up and said that he should be answerable to him, for such remarks."

"But, Madge, your sister and brothers don't know this."

"I told them."

"And what did they say?"

"That they could not eternally be fighting my battles."

"Had you any previous quarrel with these people?"

"None, whatsoever."

"Ever offended them?"

"No—except being very kind to them. I begin to think that civility is perhaps offensive."

"And your Papa and Mamma?" Madge shrugged her shoulders.

"Do they approve of this?"

"They don't forbid it."

"Why should you care, dear. Lucy Murray is a very trifling sort of girl, and Barry Davis is a conceited coxcomb. They are no loss."

"Do you fancy I am mourning for *their* loss?" Madge said, and she kissed me and went away.

So it began, and estrangement grew up between Madge and her family. She was one, and they were very numerous. She tried to

make things better and only made them worse. She thought herself aggrieved and they said that she was exacting. Madge was unpopular, and her family strove after popularity. She cringed to nobody, and spoke out her thoughts. Her temper was soured, her tongue quick and cutting—oh bless me! what a bitter thing to suffer as she did—what a sad thing for so much misery to grow out of what might have been turned into nothing.

She quarrelled with almost every one at last: She was a perfect Ishmael—her hand against every man and every man's hand against her.

Trifles which to any one else would have proved trifles, sunk their claws into her very heart, and clung there, like a wild beast's fangs.

She was in the right when she started, but opposition and neglect had strengthened her morbid resentment, and although she had the "best of friends" they did not think it worth their while to yield an inch to save this throbbing, wounded, sensitive creature one cruel pang.

I interfered and remonstrated at last. I spoke to one of her sisters—a pert piece she was, that Julia—Heaven forgive me, but to this day, I can't bear the sight of her—and I asked her to consider where all this would end. "It is Madge's own fault," she said coolly, "we all love her and appreciate her. We are her best friends and she runs away from us."

"A droll way, you have of showing your friendship," said I, quite in a heat, for, my dear girls, I am sorry to say, I had a bit of a temper of my own. "I suppose it is accidental," said I, "that you are always getting up intimacies with people as soon as they are rude to Madge: that's the way you appreciate her."

"Excuse me, Miss Milly," Julia answered, putting on a dignified air,

"I can't permit you to interfere in our domestic circle. Our sister is very dear to us, and we deeply deplore her unhappy frame of mind. We are ready to receive her with forgiveness and open arms whenever she chooses."

"Forgiveness!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, forgiveness"—she repeated, and fell to admiring the trimming of my new cloak.

My dears, I could have beaten her, indeed I could. I looked into her mealy face, I made her a low courtesy, and I have never entered their doors since.

When I told my dear Mamma, she calmed down my indignation and exhorted me to a more Christian mind. "They think they are right—no doubt they do," she said to me. "They are Madge's own family, it is her own nest."

"It is not," I said angrily, "it is an empty relationship—they are all talk and palaver."

Well, children, one day Madge sent for me. I found her trunks packed, and she had on a travelling dress. "Where now?" I called out. "God knows," she said, embracing me, and weeping. "My boys are sent to school by their father, why should I stay?"

"Oh Madge! Madge!" It was all I could say.

"Don't distress yourself, darling," she whispered, "have no fears for me. I shall not prove unworthy of your esteem. You can trust me."

"But what are your plans?"

"I have none. My god-father's legacy gives me six hundred dollars a year—with that I am above want. I shall drift with the tide wherever it takes me."

"But my precious Madge—you are too young and pretty," for she was very pretty, you know—if I have not told you so before. "You are too young and pretty to —"

"Never fear. Kiss me now, good-bye. I will write to you." She threw herself into my arms and hugged me close to her. I was so bewildered and confused, that I did not know what to do. It was like a dream. She put a little ring on my finger—I wear it still—see, my dears, this little ring of chased gold, it was the dearest thing to her that she owned, for she had loved and lost while I was in Europe, a gentleman, who died before their tacit engagement had been announced, and he had given it to her.

While I stood gazing moon struck upon her, helpless and stupid, her trunks were lifted out, and she was gone. Her husband was in the country.

Oh what a storm was raised! I was blamed for not stopping her. The "world" said she was a romantic, wrong-headed simpleton, and her family, her "best of friends," declared that I had assisted in and counselled this rash step.

I don't say that she was right, children, but I know that she was very unhappy and wrought up to a pitch of temporary madness. Her family should have surrounded her with affection and sympathy and kindness. They marked every turn of her wayward, desponding wretched moods from afar off, and did not abate one jot of their ideas to save this naturally noble and rare creature from the consequences of her rashness and her misery.

If her belief that she was enduring persecution were only a fancy, it did not any the less, necessitate every effort on their side to banish this fancy.

I had no patience with their lamentations: I would not listen to their reproaches. As they had sowed, so they reaped. I thought only of my poor Madge, fleeing away with the arrow in her breast. I longed to hear from her—I was impatient

to know where she was, what she was doing.

At length a letter came—I could find it for you, but it is locked away up stairs, and it is so late now, that I must hurry on, for it is past bed-time."

"Oh never mind bed-time, Aunt Milly."

"I remember every word of it. 'Dear Milly,' it said, 'I am well. Let this suffice you. Don't examine the post-mark—my letter will not be mailed from my residence. Don't forget me—but you must not write to me, nor shall I write again. Our paths lie forever apart. My only hope and wish are to make a new existence for myself. I shall watch over my children, although they will not know it, just yet. Again I repeat, have no fears for me. Do you remember the old lines we used to like so much ?

"If aught should tempt my soul to stray,  
From Heavenly wisdom's narrow way;  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the thing I would not do;  
Still *He* who felt temptations power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Despised by those I prized too well;  
He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe;  
At once betrayed, denied, and fled,  
By those who shared his daily bread."

"God bless you Milly, God forever bless you. MADGE."

That was all. Oh how I cried over this letter! Yes, she *was* romantic, and she was very, very wrong. To leave her children too—that was a terrible sin—but not on her head should the blame fall. The crime of this to my mind rested on "the best of friends." Perhaps I was partial, perhaps I was hard upon them, but I never hated any mortal on my own account—here in my seventy-second year, I can say I never had a personal enemy, but I did hate Madge's people, and that is a sad truth, my dear girls.

Years went by—I married—I had a worthy and a kind husband—he lived but a short time, and I was left a lonely widow, with never a child to comfort me. Yes, darlings, you did nestle your curly heads, as you do this moment, on my knees, when you came into the world, and I know you all three love your old Aunt, but it was a long, long time between my widowhood and your mother's marriage. Bless you, my children. Well, as I said, this was Madge's only letter, and no more did I hear which could possibly refer to her, until there came a rumor that one of our town's people had seen a great actress who was turning all heads, and in that charming and gifted woman, he thought he recognized our Madge!

The murmur grew and was believed—others saw her—and had no doubt that it was she—but if addressed she denied her identity with haughty surprise. She passed for an Englishwoman. I wrote to her under her new name. I received no answer. I wrote again; the same result. I would have gone to the city where she was performing, but your good grand-mamma was too old and feeble for me to leave her.

Madge's family kept a profound silence on the subject. There was one circumstance which strengthened the belief that it was she—the manager of the Theatre could not by the most liberal offers engage her come here.

After a triumphant career in this country, she returned to England where her success was unbounded. Since the days of Mrs. Woffington and Mrs. Bellamy, there had not been seen so exquisite and joyous a creature. She was a rival of Mrs. Jordan. On the stage, she was frolicsome, wicked, capricious, laughter-loving, perfect. Off the boards, she was reported to be the saddest and quietest of women—living very re-



tired, very economically—laying by each year vast sums, investing them to the best advantage, realizing a princely fortune—for whom? She seemed to have neither relative nor friend.

Fourteen years had passed since Madge's departure—her name was almost forgotten—yet, besides the notion that in this actress lived my friend, we knew that she was not dead, for her husband took a fancy to marry again; it was merely a report—hardly authenticated, but it was not a month old, when a letter dated from a village in the West, post-marked there, came to a certain lawyer with the request that it should be given to Mr. ———, to Madge's husband. "Sir," it said, "if you marry, it will but be to bring disgrace upon the lady, since, as you see, this is written by

MARGARET ———, and then her surname.

Her husband was frantic to get a divorce, but that would require him to leave the State; there being no divorce possible in this one, so he abandoned his project, and as I told you fourteen years went by. One morning—I had been three years a widow, and my grief was still fresh—one morning I was sitting in the pastry-room watching old Patty making quince preserves. As very often happens, I was thinking of old times—days long passed when I was not grey and forty; one of the footmen brought me a little note. I started, I almost screamed—I knew the writing at once. I could hardly tear it open!

"Milly, dearest," I read, "come to your old friend. Come quietly and silently. My messenger will bring you to MADGE."

The address was at a hotel close by: I threw on my things—I was so excited I feared to let any one see me—I slipped out into the street and almost ran. The boy who

brought the note had followed me, he overtook me at the hotel entrance, and now led the way up stairs. My heart beat so fast I could hear it thumping.

I saw her once more—for they opened the door instantly—I saw her after so many, many years. She was lying down on a sofa, wrapped in a great shawl. I saw her once more, and I saw that she was dying. "Milly," she said, "dear Milly, God be thanked for this mercy." I sobbed and wept, and sobbed again, with her thin wasted arms folded about me, but she did not shed one tear. She gazed at me with her large, haggard, kind eyes, and patted me softly on the shoulder, as if I had been a child. Presently she began to cough, she pushed me gently from her and gasped out "My good Paget." Then I first perceived a sober, elderly woman, who whispered to me, respectfully, "Please Madam, calm yourself: my mistress is very ill." The paroxysm passed off after a while, and Madge lay quite still, but she raised her heavy eye-lids once towards me, and with a faint, sweet smile, her poor emaciated hand sought mine and pressed it feebly. As I held it, I could not but compare the wreck before me, with my Madge of by-gone days. Where were the rounded form, the brilliant cheek, the glancing eye, the spirit and fire and dash of my dearly-loved, long-lost friend? True, we had both turned our fortieth year, but she, once so robust, so strong, so powerful in her health and energy—why, I could have lifted her in my arms—and there was more flesh on one of my hands, more life in one of my fingers than seemed to be in her whole body. I sat quietly beside her for some time: then she fell into a doze and Paget moved noiselessly towards me. "I must beg you to leave her now, madam; her phy-

sician will return presently, and she ought not to be further agitated to-day." "But I wish to see her physician too." "Not so, madam, my mistress especially desires that no one of this city shall see you with her: not from a lack of love for you, dear madam, her heart has gone ahead to meet you, since ever we left England. Return this afternoon, if you please, and leave her now."

My story is getting tediously long, my dears; you need not shake your heads—ah! "Heaven save us!" and Aunt Milly wiped her eyes, "that was a sad and serious time. Thirty years have rolled away since Madge came back to die on her native soil. I remember every word she said, every word I said, how she looked, what she wore; I recollect the pattern of her favorite shawl—she gave it to Mrs. Paget—I know to this day how the succory water tasted that she drank. You see she was my dearest friend always, and she had been very unhappy, and I think sadness endears people more to us than mirth. You understand why the doctor was never to see us together? she did not wish to be recognized: and after a while, when I scarcely left her, whenever he came to visit Mrs. Smith (that was the name she bore in the hotel) I always waited in the adjoining room until he had gone. At home, I had great difficulty in accounting for my absence, but I merely said that I had found an invalid, a poor woman to whom my society was necessary, and so the matter ended.

Of course we had many mutual questions to ask and to answer when poor Madge was strong enough—but it was by snatches almost that I learned her story.

Yes—Madge, broken, feeble, dying Madge was that bright and genial, and glorious actress, "whose

voice was like the music of the summer wind, whose laugh was like the chime of silver bells." "I, the original I, dear Milly," said she, "died and was buried, fourteen years ago, when I kissed you and went away. From my ashes, sprang a curious compound of cleverness and folly which happened to hit the fancy of the times. All the gayety of my former self, all the rollicking nonsense of my early days, all those fitful bursts of glee and sunshine which used to dazzle and shock you, burst out each night upon the boards. While the foot-lights irradiated my face, and all the mimic glories of the stage joined to the applause which I saw, and felt, and heard, filled my senses with their subtle perfume, I thirstily drained the cup—it never palled. Then, the curtain fallen, I came home as quietly and soberly as my old Paget. I was fifty, I was a hundred years old, but before the public, my dear, I was sixteen!"

"And now, my darling?"

"Oh, now," she said, wearily, "I am a ghost. Don't you see, I never speak, unless you speak first."

Her malady had been a year in progress—she had left the stage without any parade or notice. "But it was only there that she was happy," Paget told me, "her heart was broken before I ever knew her."

Soon, Madge mentioned her children, her "little boys" that were now grown men. "I must see them," she said, "not just now, but presently." I knew what she meant by presently. I asked her if she did not wish to see the other members of her family, those "best friends?" a spasm of pain crossed her wan face. "Why should I? if they are kind I will but regret to leave them. If they are what they used to be, why renew my sad experience?"

"But you would not, my Madge,

you would not nourish resentment now?" My dears, I said what I thought I ought to say, but it cost me an effort.

"God forbid," she answered, folding her thin hands while the fever-spot burned so darkly, high upon her wasted cheek, "God forbid! but I cannot thank them for the pain I have suffered, and their letters to me during many years showed how little they think themselves to blame, and how much they condemn me."

"Then they wrote to you—they knew you? they urged you to return?"

"Yes."

"And what did you reply?"

"I never answered at all. They did not understand me—they held out no hope that I should ever be understood. I could not return. Return to be a spectacle, to be pointed at, and for what? When I left my home it was my only resource—death or madness awaited me here."

"My dear," I said, "were you not hasty? romantic? unpractical? do you think I ever would have quitted my country to turn actress?"

"I don't think you would, Milly," she said, with her old mischievous smile; "Fancy you as 'Lady Betty Modish,' or the 'Widow Bellmour,' or 'Violante,' prancing about the stage, with airs and graces, rouge and high heels—or else as 'Peggy'—Paget, think of Mrs. Milnor, as 'Peggy,' saying, 'Law! Bud, how wise you are!'"

I joined in the laugh heartily. Madge was transformed as she recalled these, to her, familiar names, and in the last words, which are quoted, my dears, from one of her plays, she looked just like a simple country girl, and I saw in her the actress she had been. Following the interest of the moment, she half raised herself upon her couch, and

gave me disjointed fragments of her different characters. What a memory she had! and how her voice changed and rose and fell: her eyes sparkled. She laughed, such a light, mocking, fresh laugh. Paget watched her uneasily, but I thought her much better and stronger, and she delighted me so, that I could not bear to stop her; but then, just as she was reciting with such pretty affectation, some speech of Mrs. Millamant's in "The way of the world,"—it was something about vanity and beauty and lovers, there came her terrible cough, followed by a death-like swoon.

I thought she was gone. That was a weary, weary night. I did not know what to be at, what to do. Paget sent for the Doctor, and for her lawyer—then I found out, that this lawyer had been her sole confidant: it was through him that she kept up her knowledge of things here. He whispered to me, that she had three times seen her sons since she deser—no, that is a hard word, since she left them. "To their knowledge?" I asked. "No, she made the journey twice during her former professional tour, to their school, and watched them from a distance." I could not help saying, "how strange," and Mr. Strong added, hesitatingly, "Of course, madam, you know that my client is"—he touched his forehead "just a little."

I broke out on him, indignantly. "Well, she is romantic then, if you like it better. How else account for her singular life—abandoning the best of friends —." I cut him short—perhaps I was romantic too, but I could not, at poor Madge's dying-bed, listen to a eulogy on these eternal best friends. Perhaps she *was* mad, if so, who had driven her to madness?

Towards morning, she rallied, and then, Paget, the Doctor, Strong

and I, consulted again about her.

Ought she not to see her family, her sons—should we ask her? or send for them without her knowledge? And her husband, you may ask? fortunately there was no question of him—he was at the West.

I took counsel, where only, when we seek it, the answer must be true and safe. I kneeled by the side of my poor, unhappy friend—I prayed that her sins might be forgiven her, and that now, at the last, she and I might be directed aright. I was alone with her—she opened her eyes and looked affectionately at me, gratefully, so sweetly—ah! what a heart she had!

Well, dears, she consented. First she saw her sons. They were very fine lads and behaved beautifully—it was pitiable to see her. She was so weak, she could not speak, but her remnant of life, her very soul gazed out of her eyes at them. The Doctor soon took them away—she drew my ear close to her parched lips and I faintly distinguished, “I was wrong. This was my sin, this is my punishment.”

The whole city now knew of Madge’s return, and you may imagine the fuss and the talk and the lies. Some hours after she had seen her sons, came her father and Julia, and her two brothers. Her other sister was dead. I think the old gentleman would have been very kind and consoling to his wandering lamb, but he lived under terror of Julia’s dove-like eyes. She was now a portly, handsome married woman, and of course not more loveable nor better than fourteen years before. Age improves nothing but wine and cheese, dears, and even those can have too much of it.

I think Madge meant to be calm and kind only—but the feelings of her youth, the impetuous love she had borne for these relatives, rushed

back on seeing them, with redoubled force. She stretched out her weak arms, folded her sister to her breast and sobbed aloud. Julia disengaged herself gently from the embrace, and while smoothing her ruff, said, “don’t agitate yourself, Madge; we are very glad to see you, and we forgive you all the pain and anxiety you have cost us. Tell Madge so, Papa. I am sure she will be gratified to hear you say it.” I bit my tongue hard to keep from speaking when Julia said this. She noticed me with a little condescending nod, and vouchsafed presently to give me her majestic paw. She installed herself now as head-nurse, bullied Paget, over-awed the Doctor, snubbed Mr. Strong, lectured her nephews, directed her children, and let the hotel know that things were in different hands at present, and Madge as her sister was something quite distinct from an obscure Mrs. Smith. And all the world of our good city raised their voices in admiration of this most exemplary woman! Truly had that misguided Madge found her relations as ever, “the best of friends.” Mrs. Grundy *n’en tarissait pas*. You see, I have not forgotten the French, my good Papa had me taught in Paris.

Poor Madge now sank rapidly—it was a mere question of time, of hours. Her sons scarcely left her bed side. Julia said to me one morning, “I hope people will understand that Madge’s decline is not hereditary. It is a bad thing to have consumption in one’s family. It might hurt my girls’ prospects.”

“I don’t think your girls will inherit anything from their Aunt.” I said this maliciously I own, for I knew that they knew that Madge had made money, and Julia loved money.

“Probably not,” she answered composedly, “and in fact, we must

ever rejoice that poor Madge has brought nothing more upon us than a possible report of hereditary weak lungs. With her dreadful temper, and her utter want of self-control, I have long lived in fear of murder—or worse.” Without waiting for my answer, she got up, and went to offer her sister some nourishment.

Madge died on the 14th day of March—a cold, bleak wintry day. The rain pattered upon the window panes, the wind howled down the chimneys. Her last sigh mingled with the sobbing of the blast: her end was stormy as her life had been, but, she died a penitent and a christian. I weep still, children, to think of her. It is thirty years since she died. There was in her the making of a noble woman: but she fell into hands that would not or could not guide her. May she rest in peace, poor troubled, tempest-tost heart! She is no model for you—but her’s was a sad lot, and mysterious are God’s ways.

She suffered much—how well I remember her repeating to me, one day, before her flight, these verses of the 55th psalm: “For it was not an enemy that reproached me, then I could have borne it; neither was it he that hated me—then I would have hid myself from him. But it was *thou*, my equal, my guide and mine acquaintance. Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.” “Milly,” she said, “can’t I get ‘the wings of a dove?’” indeed I am “weary of the windy storm and tempest.”

Poor, poor Madge!

Her will was produced by Mr. Strong. She left very pretty for-

tures to her sons: a legacy to her husband, (they say that legally he could have claimed everything, but he did not.) To me she gave her god-father’s gift of six hundred per annum during my life-time, with her dearest love! she said, after me, to her sons: mourning rings to her father, brothers and sister. You should have seen the avalanches of bombazine, and rivulets of crape that Julia wore. If grief can be shown by millinery work, Julia was inconsolable!

Minute directions for her tombstone were also in her will. In a church-yard not far from here, I will show you some day, my dears, a very singular grave. There is a pedestal of black marble, and upon it a shaft of the purest white. But the shaft is shivered from peak to base as if by lightning—not artistically, but roughly. It was done by a blow from the workman’s hammer, and such were her orders. Upon the pedestal is a verse from the psalms: “Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?”

This is my story, children: a sad one, but only too true.”

“But, Aunt Milly,” cried Mary, the eldest girl, “who was Madge? What name is there on her tomb? Tell us—please?”

Aunt Milly took the pleader’s hand in hers and said very gently, “Margaret Lennox.”

“William’s mother! Aunt Milly?”

“His grand-mother, Mary—the grand-mother of your affianced lover, and may her history, my precious children, carry its warning, and have your sympathy.”

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is wonderful what an amount of common-place, gentlemen of the corps Editorial contrive to manufacture periodically upon the suggestive topic of the NEW YEAR. There is no accounting for the mass of dullness which loads our newspapers and magazines, about the first of January, upon any other supposition than that which points to the reactionary effect of the Christmas festivities. Punches compounded of ancient Glenvilat, and egg-nogg beaten to the lightness of foam on the summer's sea, are so truly delicious that they might have been, and with regard to the *punch*, (we rely on the authority of an Irish wit and scholar,) probably *were* handed round by Hebe to the Deities on Olympus, whenever those jovial old fellows determined to make a night of it, but, alas! a crafty and evil influence lurks somewhere in the cup, and unless we partake much more moderately of our nectar than seems in the nature of things possible, we are constrained to pay a most exorbitant price for our indulgence. Thus, the interval between Christmas and the New Year being brief, many of us (Editors, we mean,) find ourselves, at the latter period, still under the influence of some form of that dreadful punishment, which always follows excess in the use of what Festus Bailey calls "creatural gifts." Hence, the lugubrious nature of most *New Year* addresses. Clothed in the sack-cloth and ashes of repentance, the poor Editor runs unconsciously into woful Jeremiads upon the past and the future, in which thankfulness to Providence for the favours of the departed season, is oddly mixed up with desperate reminiscences of Christmas puddings, (which did not agree with him,) ghastly forebodings of "hard times" to come, set off by an occasional dash of merriment, which sounds hollow and hysterical, and a not unfrequent allusion to the virtues of "hock and soda water" early in the morning.

Now, good reader, we shall strive to be neither dull nor dismal. We shall not bid you look back upon the wreck of your hopes in the past, nor, resuscitating your faults and follies, sermonize on the deceitfulness of human aims, and the vanity of human wishes. We design rather to dwell upon the brightest phase of our subject, to uncover the fountains of hope

and joy which sparkle faintly through the shadows of the coming days, so that Faith may be vivified by Anticipation, and Labour grow enthusiastic in the thought of its reward. Let us consider the opening of a *New Year*, not so much as a season in which to count the sum total of disappointments, regrets and evil fortunes, as the dawn of an epoch of fresh exertions, locked in whose keeping there may rest for us a store of untold good. Cheerfulness and confidence are the Pioneers of successful enterprise. They blaze, as it were, a clear pathway through the wildernesses, which so often beset the road of duty, and let in through the river foliage the light of the guiding stars. But who can be cheerful and confident if he permits his memory to brood amidst the "clouds and darkness" of the melancholy, irrevocable past? We should linger upon those deeds which cannot be recalled or cancelled; only long enough to master the lessons of warning and experience, and then girding our armour about us, and only the stronger from defeat, "press forward for the prize of that high calling," wherewith, could we only hear and understand aright, God has vouchsafed to summon the humblest as the grandest of mankind.

*"Let the dead Past bury its dead,"*

embodies the quintessence of philosophy and wisdom, and surely when we arrive at some cardinal division of time, some period that lies as a neutral territory between that which *was* and *is to be*, the eye of the mind should be more earnestly fixed on the possible grandeur and triumphs of the future, than on the mementoes of a "tale that is told," the dry bones which glimmer in the depths of that receding "valley of vision," through the cool pastures or dangerous quicksands of which we shall never wander more.

At the advent of every new year we are enabled in a measure to begin our life afresh, to renew our youth with its glad aspirations, unsordid delights and blessed promises. Not until we are stricken with age, until the silver cord is almost loosened, and the golden bowl totters to its fall, can we regard these epochs as other than breathing spells



granted to Hope, Faith and Courage, wherein the sturdy warriors, taking no counsel of Fear, may find leisure to rid themselves of the dust of toil and conflict, and prepare for the perilous journey which awaits them still. But what, some despondent thinker may inquire, if such aspirations are doomed to disappointment, if our Hopes brighten only to deceive, and our Courage showers idle blows upon a hard, invincible Destiny? We reply, it is not in victory, but the efforts to attain it that the best renown, the highest honour, the most enduring comfort rests; it is the province of God, and God alone, to crown the endeavor with success. Labour is its own reward. We believe that for one indefatigable worker who has been exasperated or soured by failure, there are a hundred who, in the mere healthful consciousness of having put forth their utmost energy, whether of achievement or endurance, ("they also work who only watch and wait.") experience a glorious satisfaction which is nearly akin to triumph, if, indeed, it be not triumph itself.

"What are we sent on earth for but to toil?

Seek not to leave the tending of thy vines

For all the heat o' the sun, till it declines,

And Death's mild curfew shall from work assail."

But there are other and more solemn reflections suggested by our theme—solemn, and yet full of an angust delight. The departure of each successive season brings us nearer to the unsealing of that tremendous mystery which is guarded by "the angel—Death." How, in moments of exaltation, does the soul pant to look upon the unveiled glories of a realm "unmeasured by the flight of years," to expatiate in the ecstasy of perfect freedom, with no anticipation of any change, but that which leads to a wider prospect, a subtler vision, a more complete identification of spirit with the "Father of Spirits!" In such moments Death loses half his terrors, nay! is transformed to a creature of light and promise, whose weightiest stroke is but a *coup de grace*, which admits us to a kingdom of beatitudes. Is this conviction but the deceptive glimmer of a dream? Rather let us pronounce our boasted realities to be phantoms. The soul with its latent, but limitless powers of happiness, its cravings for a higher good and broader fields of labour, is forever foreshadowing its destiny. In the glimpses of an intuitive revelation like this, years dwindle into the swiftly vanishing points of an endless progres-

sion, and the special times and seasons which mark our mortal pilgrimage become meaningless and vain. And those efforts which seem to be void, and without profit here, who shall say that their seeds have not been carried by winds we cannot hear into other circles of life, and that *hereafter* we may not behold the fruits of our faithful labour while we sojourned upon "this shoal and bank of time," ruddy with the hues and ripe with the nutriment of a mature and mellowed fullness? But however this may be, there can be no question of the beauty as well as the expediency of that Philosophy of Hope, upon which we have commented. So may the opening of every new year, until the unbroken Year of Eternity shall dawn, reveal novel vistas of Hope as well as of Time, for the complete appreciation of which the spirit must, as it were, be born again.

"That which our mortal flesh doth fray and wear,

Lets in new light upon the spirit's eyes,  
And nerves the soul for conquest; we are born

Not once, but many times; whence'er we rise

To higher thoughts of God, or human kind,

To fairer slopes of beauty, or desire,  
'Tis a new birth within us; all Time's years

Are seasons of renewal, not decay,  
If that the soul be steadfast——"

Dr. Charles Mackay, the English Poet, or rather the fluent *versifier*—for we have really seen nothing from his pen as yet which bears the impress of true original power—has been recently lecturing in New York, and, of course, being an Englishman, has attracted large audiences. If we are to judge from the general reports of his addresses which appear in the prominent public journals, anything more painfully bald and commonplace cannot be imagined.

The *Evening Post* thus describes Dr. Mackay's personal appearance:—"The Doctor is a little past the middle age, somewhat below the ordinary height of his countrymen, round and substantial in his person, with round features and round head, answering in all respects, as far as outward feature is concerned, to Thomson's

'Fat, round, oily, little man of God,'

in the castle of Indolence. He wears his hair smoothly brushed to his well-developed head, and would pass in a crowd as the most obscure man in it,

till he spoke, when he would be equally certain to pass for the most modest."

Like Wordsworth, Dr. Mackay has frequently chosen the meanest subjects for his verse, but the difference between them is, that while Wordsworth through the processes of his comprehensive imagination succeeds in glorifying a clod, Dr. Mackay, who possesses no imagination at all, seldom rises above the level of his theme—the clod remaining an uninteresting piece of earth, whilst he (the Doctor) has been dragging the heavy wings of his song drearily about it. He is what the newspapers call "a practical poet"—a "poet for the times, and the people"—the meaning of which is, that he is most at home in composing odes for railroad celebrations, agricultural fairs, the laying of the corner stones for new founding hospitals, and rhymed demonstrations of the excellent proverb, "take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves!"

While reviewing lately several works in relation to England and the English, we happened upon the last published book of Mr. Emerson, which was issued in 1856, under the concise and expressive title of "English Traits." This is a remarkable work, so full of views at once clear and profound, acutely sensible, yet broadly philosophical, that we would warmly advise its perusal to those of our readers who may be interested in the topics of which it treats. Soon after its appearance, "English Traits" was criticised as follows in the *Boston Courier*. The critique is very nearly as admirable as the production which it analyses:

"This is the best book by far which an American has ever written of England. To those who suppose Mr. Emerson to be a 'transcendental and obscure' writer and thinker, this book will be as great a surprise as his clearly defined and wisely and practically expressed lectures in this city were to many of his hearers of last winter. Very many persons who are contented with a prejudice or incapacity of correct judgment, could find nothing in his writings but obscurity, until he was stamped by the English reviews as one of our few original thinkers. The fact is, that, with a profound and nourishing love of oriental and German philosophy and poetry; with a large and sympathetic recognition of what is great in 'the Mystics'; loving Behmen, despising Locke; defending Bacon against Macaulay, and placing him beside Plato; looking hopefully upon all reforms, but heading no movement and cornered by no theory of others or of his own,—Mr. Emerson is

an earnest, manly, healthy and original thinker; a master of clear, nervous and poetic language; at home with everything great in English literature, and what is rare among our men of letters, 'keeping up' as a keen observer with the advances of the science of the day,—and yet thoroughly American, and disclosing in all he writes his Yankee birth-place in his peculiar shrewdness and sagacity. Wanting the fusing and plastic power indispensable to the great poet, some of his poems are unexcelled in grandeur and imagination by those of any living author. Wanting the large comprehensiveness in dealing with principles and consecutive method in developing them which mark the philosopher, few Americans (besides Jonathan Edwards, who stands high and apart from them all,) have contributed as much of value to philosophy. However widely many may differ from his religious, philosophical or political opinions, there is very little in this volume to place them in controversy. It is eminently clear, practical, temperate and manly. The flippant remark upon Southey, which has been elsewhere animadverted upon, is singularly exceptional to its general good taste, is quite uncharacteristic of the author, and was unfortunately not omitted in copying for this volume hasty notes taken during his first visit to England.

The book is remarkable for its robust good sense, sound judgment, wise discrimination, clear statement and French cleanness and point of expression.—Sweeping over so wide a field, he could only mark the prominent, salient and typical facts and ideas, and this he has done with a master's hand. As in his Essays, he has given results rather than processes of thought, so this volume is full of matured results of observation, instead of the journeys, conversations, statistics, investigations and reflections, which, without being mastered by their authors, fill to tediousness most modern books of travel. We are forced also to admit—what we hardly expected ever to be able to say of Mr. Emerson—that his general treatment of topics, especially of those upon which travelers to England have widely differed, has been eminently *judicial*. Though his sympathies and opinions lie much nearer Chartism, dissent, and reform than what is accredited and established, he has not forgotten, in seeing the friction produced by the machinery of such a system—the poverty, the bitter class-legislation, the exclusive devotion to material interests, and the social subserviency and superciliousness between classes—that under all there is a broad basis of personal endurance and integrity, of slow

but sure progress,—and that to England we owe vastly more than to any modern nation what the world has gained for the last five hundred years in free principles and free government. To use his own language, “nothing can be praised in England without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salvos of cordial praise.” Want of space only prevents our extending these observations as we had intended, and from making selections to which each chapter invites us.”

## SONNET.

(Composed in Autumn.)

With these dead leaves stripped from a  
withered Tree,  
And slowly fluttering round us gentle  
Friend,  
Some faithless soul a sad presage  
might blend,  
To me they bring a happier augury;  
Lives that shall bloom in genial sun-  
shine free,  
Nursed by the spell love's dews and  
breezes send,  
And when a kindly Fate shall speak  
the end,  
*Down-dropping in Time's Autumn si-*  
*lently;*  
All hopes fulfilled, all passions duly  
blessed,  
Life's cup of gladness drained—ex-  
cept the lees,  
No more to fear, or long for but the  
rest  
Which crowns existence with its dream-  
less ease:  
Thus, when our days are ripe, oh! let us fall  
Into that perfect Peace which waits  
for all!

*Apropos* of the importance of cultivating a hopeful and energetic temper, which forms the burden of what we had to say on the subject of the *New Year*, we beg the reader's attention to these pungent and most truthful passages from an essay on “The Croakers of Society and Literature,” by Mr. E. P. Whipple:

“When we consider,” he says, “the importance of energy and hope in the affairs of the world, and contemplate the enfeebling, if not immoral result of indulging in a dainty and debilitating egotism, we cannot but look upon the snivellers of social life as great evils. Even when the habit of selfish lamentation is accompanied by talent, it should be treated with contempt and scorn. There are so many inducements in our time to pamper it, that there is no danger the

opposition will be too severe. Whithersoever we go we meet the sniveller. He stops us at the corner of the street to intrust us with his opinion on the probability that the last measure of Congress will dissolve the Union. He fears also that the morals and intelligence of the people are destroyed by the election of some rogue to office. He tells us just before church that the last sermon of some transcendental preacher has given the death blow to religion, and that the waves of atheism and the clouds of pantheism are to deluge and darken all the land. Next, he informs us of the starvation of some poor hack engaged as assistant Editor to a country journal, and infers from it that, in the United States literature cannot flourish. In a time of general health, he speaks of the pestilence that is to be. The mail cannot be an hour too late, but he prattles of railroad accidents and steamboat disasters. He fears that his friend who was married yesterday will be bankrupt in a year, and whimpers over the trials which he will then endure. He is ridden with an eternal nightmare, and emits an everlasting wail!”

From a most acute, eloquent and appreciative article in the *Charleston Mercury*, suggested by Meek's “Songs of the South” and “Romantic Passages of South Western History,” (elsewhere noticed in this number,) we extract the ensuing paragraphs, pregnant with vigorous thought and truthful teaching.—The picture of Southern supineness is only too mournfully true:

“The intellectual working man cannot afford society. He cannot afford the time. He who pleases himself with a “snug coterie and literary lady”—with gay delights, daily and nightly, of a thoughtless and large social circle, must give up all hopes of fame. His ambition will content itself with small successes. To sing pleasant verses of society in “my lady's ear,” will content his muse. She will sing occasionally, but never soar. His genius will sink into a page or courtier, when it should be, and might have been, a mailed warrior, striking with glaived hand, for victory and fame!

It will readily be conceived, from all this, that we do not regard Mr. Meek as having been true to his genius. He gave too much to society; too much to partisan politics; too much to inferior considerations, moral and material. He was just the man to have concentrated all his force upon literature, and made himself and his people famous. Why did he not do this? Why did he leave literature for politics—for society? Why

give up to party what was meant for mankind?

We might reproach him for this abandonment of his true profession, but the problem has several phases of difficulty. We recognize the endowment as imperatively demanding the exercise.—Where there is a gift—a special faculty—it must be assumed as given by the Deity upon conditions, and the first of these is its due development.

But society does not demand the exercise—does not value the gift—is pleased to disparage it—has no use for it. This is the sad infirmity in the American mind. It works only to material results, and ignores all faculties which do not promise fruits in corn and oil, beans and bacon, cotton and rice, manufactures and mechanics. Faculties which minister to the soul, the sensibilities, the superior tastes, the higher virtues, have no business here! Why were they given us? Why were any of our sons so uselessly endowed? Of course we leave it to those who serve Mammon only, to ask these questions of God. He meant these faculties for some purpose, and they might have saved us—might save us still! There is yet time, if we would suffer them.

But, not to linger. The laborer is worthy of his hire. But one who gets no hire, as a poet or literary man, must still live. *That he should do anything without pay, is contrary to the practice of the business world.* And so we find it difficult to blame Mr. Meek, or anybody else so gifted, who, in this week-day, work-day world, in the South, ignores his own most valuable endowments, when there is no demand for them on the part of society. But we nevertheless deplore it; and it is a source of consolation to us, when we find such men returning, occasionally, with a lingering and devoted fondness, to the maternal passion in their breasts—when we see them snatching an hour from society, and from mere material labors, and giving it in innocent converse with the muse. It is thus that we feel, as we welcome these volumes of prose and verse from the hands of our author. They are his occasional exercises in the field of poetry and contemplation, when the world and its beautiful things were all fresh to the eye of his youthful manhood. His prose essays, wholly Southern in character, are full of eloquent things. They breathe richly of Southern sentiment—they are dedicated to Southern themes; they speak for a fresh, genuine, eager enthusiasm; they are warm with generous impulses; they tell of many things worthy to be known, which our people do not generally know. They unfold histories of rare interest,

enshrined in a style of equal grace, vigor and delicacy. And such, too, is the character of his poetry. It is a series of enthusiastic outpourings of a thought and fancy, aroused by the beautiful in our Southern world; the genial in our sympathies, the warm in our affections, the noble in our aims. Mr. Meek does not aim at philosophy; does not attempt metaphysics; is never obscure, never dull; but always lucid, free, frank, warm, enthusiastic. His prose is a passionate burst of oratory throughout; his poetry, a chant of the South wind through Autumn woods; a murmur of limpid waters through voiceless forests; a quiver of falling leaves in November; a sighing of blossoms in Spring—in brief, the expression of the sentiment in passing seasons, fitly garbed by fancy, and articulated by unadorned love. It is pure, graceful, tender, gentle—not powerful, not profound;—but just such a song of the heart and fancy as should inspire other hearts and fancies with the true, the tender and the beautiful. The art is all natural, unlabored; is some times rude, reckless;—too impulsive for staid paces and a measured delineation. And there are thousands of faults. But even these rude utterances are so natural in our forest world—are so true to a frank, in artificial nature—that we cheerfully forgive them, and acknowledge, in the fidelity of their simple notes, a charm which we should sometimes fail to find in a more cultivated music.

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, of Boston, one of the few professed essayists in this country, who unites brilliancy of wit and fancy with profound philosophical penetration, has for some months past been contributing to the "Editor's Table" of Harper's Magazine. His articles are to us the chief attraction in that voluminous Monthly. He favors us in the December number with an inimitable essay on Cheerfulness, in the course of which we find the following remarks upon that idle sort of conversation which is aptly called "tattling":

"But of all the expedients to make the heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meagre fare—how continue existence in such a famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is that such men and women there are, who will go on dwindling in this way from fifteen to fourscore, and never a hint on

their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon to her bonnet!" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they THINK, "It's high time, if John intends to marry Sarah, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slightly venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life. Seriously, however, this levity of being, whether innocent or malevolent, which thus splits the mind up into chips and splinters of thought, and leaves it vacant of substance and sap, is it not one, out of many nobler causes, of the rumored lack of cheerfulness in American women?—a fact of which we know nothing except from the melodious wail, alternating with melodramatic shrieks, that comes up from so large a portion of our best feminine literature. The men, of course, are great rascals, and deprive women of their rights, and circumscribe the sphere of their influence, and hypocritically sonnetize Desdemonas of the kitchen and Imogens of the nursery, and are, besides, as superficial as they are wicked—all that is freely granted; but still, is it not possible that women, the autocratic rulers at least of social life, can make it a little better subserve its great purpose of educating and enriching the mind without any loss to its more festive grace and airier charm?"

In the course of the same essay Mr. Whipple exposes the fallacy of Shelley's assertion, that most men

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong,  
And learn in suffering what they teach  
in song."

"Writers who adopt this creed," he says, "forget that such experience, passed through the dissolving imagination of robust natures, comes out in the form of beauty, are apt to get up an anguish to sing about; to make their particular grievance their whole stock in trade; and, mendicants for sympathy, to pass round the hat to collect such coppers of compassion and small change of tears as tender hearts can spare to relieve their puny and puerile miseries. If any good friend to them and to good letters would just hint that the greatest poets

are the most cheerful, they would as quickly affect vivacity as they now worship gloom. Sterne states that when he visited Paris, in 1767, he found that every French woman of fashion went through three stages:—first, a coquette; then, as her charms began to fade, a deist; then, as she caught a glimpse of the grave, a devotee. One lady, who ought, he says, to have been a deist for some five years before he had the honor of making her acquaintance, expressed to him her fear that she was beginning to doubt the truth of the Christian religion. Sterne looked in her face, where beauty was palpably on the wane, and, as if he were overcome by its loveliness, said, "Madam, it is too soon—too soon!" She, overjoyed, dropped the deist, reassumed the coquette, and reported all over Paris that the Reverend Mr. Sterne had said more for revealed religion in half an hour than all the Encyclopedists had ever said against it. Now the affectation of misery in half the sentimental poetry that spoils the spirits of its readers is capable of a conversion as instantaneous as the affectation of deism in Sterne's faded coquette; for this much is to be said for human nature, that men will adopt sense as readily as nonsense, provided it flatters their vanity as well."

We take the following article, which is full of rare information, from an English journal—its statements may be relied upon as correct:

"Some changes in periodical literature have lately been made, and others are announced, which appear worthy of notice. In London, which was once celebrated for its magazines, that entertaining description of literature is almost in abeyance. Of the long-established magazines, *The Gentleman's* (which first appeared 126 years ago,) is now the best. It recently came into the hands of an intelligent, spirited publisher, who has got it under excellent editorship, and, albeit, it still is the antiquarian organ of the time, many new and agreeable features have greatly improved and popularized it. *Fraser's Magazine* continues with a circulation which probably pays expenses, and may yield some small profit. Since the death of Maginn, and the reunion of Macony ("Father Prout") and Carlyle, it has become a second-rate periodical; for a time it recovered some of its popularity, while Kingsley wrote for it, but it has latterly gone back, *Ainsworth's* and the *New Monthly* magazines, once so well conducted, now yield very limited profits. They continue to be taken in by circulating libraries, book clubs, and such institutions, but have

very few individual purchasers. They are conducted on the principle—a killing one in the end—of paying nothing, or next to nothing, for contributions, and the result is, they are filled with weak inanities, in prose and verse. Mr. Ainsworth, a good novelist, is a bad magazine editor. Even the magazine which bears his name was ill-conducted from the time that the suicide of its excellent sub-editor, Laman Blanchard, threw it back wholly on its proprietor's hands. So, too, with the *New Monthly*, successively edited by Thomas Campbell, Cyrus Redding, S. C. Hall, Edward Lytton Bulwer, Thomas Hood and Theodore Hook. It is now wholly in Mr. Ainsworth's hands, and may be said to edit itself, pretty much, but not pretty well. There is also *Bentley's Miscellany*, which actually flourished for some years while conducted by Dickens, who was succeeded by Ainsworth. Latterly it was very carelessly got up, and is now even worse, having also passed into Mr. Ainsworth's proprietorship and fatal editorship.

*Per contra*. There is a *National Magazine* lately established in London (under the new law of limited liabilities on partnership,) by a joint stock company, which is rapidly and deservedly making way. It has two editors—one a poet, J. Westland Marston, the other also a dramatist, but an experienced editor and man of business to boot. Twelve years ago, Mr. Sanders established a two-penny (four cents) weekly illustrated periodical, which had success for a time, until he associated William and Mary Howitt with him. They used to write the greater part of each number, and the public could not stand that—so the publication toppled over. Mr. Marston, author of numerous plays, of which "The Patrician's Daughter" is sometimes performed, has imagination and learning—good qualities for his present occupation. The editors of the *National Magazine* write very little in it, but have obtained a large circle of first-rate contributors, by paying them first-rate prices. The wood engravings, too, are above par. On the whole, this weekly (which is not a weekly) has a great success, and its monthly parts obtain a considerable extra sale.

In Edinburgh, *Blackwood's Magazine* continues to hold towering ascendancy, the Mont Blanc of British periodicals. There sprung up there some months ago a cheap magazine called the *Titan*—an improvement on *Hogg's Instructor*. De Quincey has been writing a great deal for it. His articles on China have just been collected and published separately in a volume. The Broughs and some more of the London magaziners have

also written for the *Titan*. The proprietors announce that in future it will be the size and price of *Blackwood*—120 pages octavo, at half a crown. It remains to be seen whether it will thrive as well at the *high* price as it did at the *low*, and whether it was wise thus to bring it into direct competition with such a potent publication as *Blackwood*. There is another Edinburgh monthly, called *Tait's Magazine*, which had an enormous circulation at one time, from its liberal politics, but is now little more than the shadow of a name.

Across the water there are changes, too. The *Dublin University Magazine*, for a long time inferior only to *Blackwood*, has found Mr. Lever's "Fortunes of Glencore," which ran through several months in its pages, as popular as most of his other serial tales, and has resolved to break new ground. Therefore, that lively writer, Mr. Shirley Brooks, is engaged to commence in it a new novel, to be called "The Partner." Mr. Brooks is a successful dramatist, and his "Russians in the South," originally contributed to the *Morning Chronicle*, show that he can observe and reflect as well as invent. He has, as yet, produced only one work of fiction, "Aspen Court," which originally appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and has the ordinary faults of young authors; it is too much crowded with characters. He has "A Story of Modern Life" in press, which may be better.

Of the new periodical, the *Irish Metropolitan Magazine*, put forth by the liberal young *literati* of Dublin, as an offset to the Tory writers in the *University Magazine*, two numbers have appeared. It has not been heard of lately, and if not dead, is "missing." Irish periodicals, however, have elasticity and vitality beyond ordinary publications.—Thus a quarterly, called *Bolster's Magazine of Ireland*, was commenced at Cork in 1825, and published with (Irish) regularity until nearly three volumes were completed. Then came an intermission; after which the *pseudo-Quarterly* issued its twelfth number some nine years after the appearance of the eleventh. There is also an *Irish Quarterly Review* commenced six years ago in Dublin, and really a capital periodical—well printed, well edited, low priced, and especially strong in local history and antiquities, biography and criticism. After flourishing extremely well for two years, it fell into the error of becoming a class-periodical, devoting half its space to the discussion of philanthropic plans for reforming juvenile criminals. It continues to entertain this monopolizing subject, and has thereby imperiled its general popularity. Just now it has an-



nounced that it will double its matter, and enlarge its price from half-a-crown to five shillings—a perilous experiment, as the Irish are not much of a reading people at home, where books are dear. We say nothing of the *Dublin Review*, (the Catholic organ,) as we have not found it necessary to mention the *Edinburgh*, and *North British*, or the *Quarterly*, *Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*.

It may be added that the young men of Trinity College, Dublin, are about publishing a literary magazine of their own.

Why are we forever looking earthward, heedless of the splendors and mysteries of the fair space above us, wherein God causes to pass so much that is grand, and beautiful, and various? Why do we plod on like beasts of burden, with no eye to the changes which Nature, in the magic circle of the heavens, causes to glow or darken, vanish or expand? Did we, from the debasement of low desires, glance occasionally on the great universe beyond us, we would feel that God had not laid open this illimitable space to our senses to rest unnoted and unsuggestive—fruitless of thought, or sentiment, or passion. \* \* \* \* \*

Great thoughts come to us in gazing on the sky, and sweet thoughts too.—It is not from the blaze of day alone that we may draw a moral. The profoundest philosophy shuns the noon. But let us walk forth when “stars are in the quiet dome,”—and conceiving of their infinity, look searchingly into ourselves. What are we, oh God! that thou shouldst be mindful of us? Do we not see the shining tiers of thy countless universe, spreading to a height and encompassing a depth, our feeble capacities reel to dream of? Asteroids and systems of asteroids, planets and systems of planets, suns and systems of suns, are not all these within the “void immense,” wheel within wheel, circle within circle, world within world? And are they tenantless? As well may we conceive of creation without a cause, as of a magnificent desert like this. God is a great architect, not a purposeless showman. Think, therefore, that around and above you, further than ever your boldest fancy ventured, beats the pulse of life. That twinkling blaze, like a rushlight on the horizon, may be a sun beside which Sirius would pale.

Wonderful are the mysteries of creation! There is not a scene of Nature, viewed aright, that does not awaken speculations, startling and strange. But the heavens! in sunshine or at mid-

night, how mighty the tones that come down from them! They are the blazon of Omnipotence, the banner of the eternal glory, invincible, inconceivable, the “same yesterday, to-day, and forever.”

These “*LINES TO A CAPTURED OWL*,” have been furnished expressly for our *Editor's Table*, by a Poet who is also a philosophic thinker:

Owl! thy composed and solemn mien,  
Does justice to thy sage renown—  
Amid this strangely novel scene,  
Not twenty eyes can look thee down.

Thy own large orbs are gazing round,  
But not in awe or admiration—  
Some posing theorem must bound  
The circle of thy cogitation.

Two obvious causes might explain,  
A spirit proof against surprise;  
One is a philosophic brain,  
And one a pair of useless eyes.

Either you (entering with ease  
The inmost principles of things)  
Are self-possessed, as one who sees  
That coats are natural as wings,

Or else—the dullest from the ark—  
The booby of the feathered race,  
You have not wit enough to mark,  
The simplest difference of place.

Are you so very sage, indeed?  
What is your natural bent of mind?  
And what the speculative creed,  
And metaphysics of your kind?

You have your pleasures, I suppose,  
You do not always look so grave,  
You like a dinner—and a doze—  
And, I dare say, could *hoot* a stave?

Or do you muse and mope at once,  
Entrap your prey in meditation,  
Sup in a serious reverie, and  
Dine in a depth of contemplation?

There may be much—I hope 'tis so—  
Behind that meditative gaze—  
Yet a philosopher should know,  
It is not wise to think always.

And Owl, I very much suspect,  
Thou art a rascally pretender;  
And maugre all thou dost affect,  
Thy stock of thought is very slender.

I grieve to speak severely, bird,  
Of any philosophic fowl,—  
But I love truth, and on my word,  
I'll speak it even to an owl.

Oh! look not with those solemn brows—  
They do not hide thy instincts base,  
And if thou must be munching *mouse*,  
Munch it with less profound a face.

Upon our last visit to New York city, we were struck with the appearance and doings of a couple of odd characters, somewhat celebrated in that metropolis. We will sketch these individuals for the amusement of the reader. They are known popularly as the "four cent man" and the "bouquet man."

The former is a stout individual, with a voice like a brazen trumpet, who for years past has been in the habit of parading Nassau street towards Maiden Lane. He deals principally in writing paper and *envelopes*, whose cheapness and excellence he lauds with stentorian volubility. Everything he carries in his packet is offered at "four cents," and his tone, manner, and language, are those of one who confers the most serious obligation upon the public. Not long ago, the clerks and "men of account," by whose offices he passed, and whose luckless ears he has been stunning, morning, noon, and night, since the beginning of his liberal career, rose up *en masse*, and denounced him. They declared he was the torment of their lives; that Nature had cast his lungs in brass, "whose sonorous metal, blowing *teazing* sounds," broke in upon important calculations, and cast their books into confusion. They objected that this annoyance was rather increasing, than diminishing, and that it threatened to destroy their prevailing ideas of *plus* and *minus* altogether. But these expostulations proved futile. Ours is a free country, and individuals with fine voices are not to be debarred from using them. So the "four cent man" continues to walk and bellow in the old way; and such is the firmness of his step, and the force of the announcement with which he still electrifies the people on the subject of his "self-sealing *envelopes*," and immaculate paper, that the general opinion is, he will reach to a *centennial* vigour.

The "bouquet man" is quite a different species of animal. He, we are credibly informed, belongs to a highly respectable family of Philadelphia, but exhibiting in early life certain very vagabond propensities, his relations thought proper to disown him. Ever since the occurrence of this misfortune, he has consoled himself with flowers. His passion for them is evidently genuine, and we are sure he does not sell a single bouquet without experiencing a pang of self-reproach. Nevertheless he is as gay and elastic as an Italian Improvisa-

tore. And, by the way, he *does* improvise. Handing one of the fairest bunches in his collection to the person he selects as a customer, (and in this particular "the bouquet man" is very acute, generally avoiding with a contemptuous smile your dull, practical plodder, who has no soul for sweet odours and colours of beauty,) he commences a strain of compliment somewhat in this fashion:

"Good sir! I pray,  
Don't haste away,  
Oh! pause and see,  
How fair they be  
These lovely flowers:  
Sir! by the powers,  
You're just the man  
To worship beauty,  
And beauty too  
*Must* worship you;  
'Tis therefore duty,  
That you should buy  
The flowers, and try  
How they will please *her*;  
I know she's sweet,  
And so 'tis meet,  
When you release her  
From a fond kiss,  
A gem like this,  
(Fondling the bouquet affectionately.)  
Should brightly glow,  
In her hand of snow,  
Type of affection,  
And pleasant recollection  
Of your great love.  
Lord! sir, don't move  
Before you buy 'em.  
Again, I say,  
My friend just try 'em,  
(Gent takes himself off.)  
What! gone away!  
Well! I knock under,  
Lightning and thunder!  
What a mean gent!—  
My breath is spent  
In making verses:  
Now dang it all,  
I'll take to curses.  
(*"The bouquet man"* proceeds muttering anathemas.)

We assure the reader that the preceding is by no means an exaggerated sketch of the rhyming abilities of the flower dealer. Add to this accomplishment a very insinuating figure and address, and you have our original before you. He not only walks the streets, but is in constant attendance upon public meetings, especially if they are of an *outré* and progressive character. Woman's Rights assemblies, for example, he always graces with his presence, although we have heard that he meets with but little favour from the Antoinette Browns, Lucy Stones, &c. At a

late vegetarian banquet in New York, he rendered himself peculiarly conspicuous,—so much to the annoyance of the company, that not even his *flowery* speeches, usually successful, could be made to go down with the banqueters. But vegetarians are bilious, irritable people, whose likings never extend beyond cabbages and green corn. What can be expected of such a miserable set? But from contact with sallow fanatics like these "*clarior e tenebris*," more bright from the obscurity and dull inanity, "the boquet man" saunters into the free air, fresh as his flowers, and not so sorry after all, that he found no customers among wretches who prefer turnips to roses.

In the death of J. MILTON CLAPP, for twenty years associate editor of the *Charleston Mercury*, that able journal has lost an invaluable assistant, the literary public a scholarly and accomplished writer, the South a true patriot, and his friends a companion the soul of geniality and loyal affection. It is not for us who knew him well, and whom he had admitted into the inner chamber of his noble nature—not for us standing by his new-made grave with the solemnities of the bereavement heavy upon us, to indulge in vain eulogy, or lamentation still more vain. Of that which he *has* accomplished *intellectually* the public are to judge—of that which, under different and more favorable circumstances he *might have* accomplished, it is useless now to speak.

Our present purpose is simply to pay a last sacred tribute to the memory of one whom we admired and loved—to embody, however feebly, the sentiments of grief and respect universally experienced amongst the small but attached circle of his intimate friends. We shall not touch further upon his private life; we design no analysis of his character—no parade of his virtues, or extenuation of his faults. But here, in the columns of a Magazine, for the success of which from the very inception of the enterprise, he expressed his anxious desire—in proof of the sorrowful gratitude with which the writer of these paragraphs reverts to the encouragement received from him in his own literary course—it is proper that this imperfect tribute should appear.

Yet, even under the shadow of death there lurks a gleam of consolation; it was the will of God, that to him whom we have lately buried from our sight, the road of life should be rough, and full of thorns. Especially during the last

year had a gloom as of utter eclipse come down upon his spirit. Therefore, the summons to depart did not startle or appal him. More probably, it came like a solemn but musical prelude to long-wished for repose.

"After life's fitful fever," let us pray God "that he sleeps well!"

We find in the January "Harper," a charming lyric with the graceful title *Lou*, which, as the "Home Journal" remarks, "insists upon being quoted." Its author is Jno. R. Thompson, editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger."

"There's a little joyous-hearted girl, to see whom is a blessing,  
That lives a square or two from us, upon our quiet street;  
Her merry face is bright beyond the painter's sweet expressing,  
And trippingly as dactyls move her tiny, twinkling feet.  
She seems as if she never yet had known a childish care,  
And the soft October sunshine is tangled in her hair.

'Above the din of noisy girls I catch her radiant laughter,  
Beneath the dusky lindens on the long, long summer days,  
And see her foremost in the romp, with dozens running after—  
The first beam glancing through a cloud chased by a troop of rays.  
'Tis but a poor similitude—the bravest would not do—  
For music, perfume, starlight, all seem commonplace for Lou!

"At morning, when, with many books, I meet her on the way to  
Her school, I often wonder what they teach my little friend;  
The lessons she herself might teach are wiser far than Plato,  
Simplicity and truth, the means to compass wisest end;  
But much I wish the privilege as tutor I might claim  
To ask her softly *aimez-vous?* and hear her answer *j'aime*.

"And sometimes when at church I see her happy, trustful features,  
A tender, wayward thought, will come between me and the psalm,  
That like to such a little child must all we erring creatures  
In simple-minded faith appear, with passions hushed and calm;  
Before the Eternal Truth shall break upon our sight so dim,  
For such an one the Saviour saw, and bade come unto Him!"

Editors are apt to exaggerate the troubles and annoyances of their profession. To judge from the general character of the complaints with which they amuse, or pester the public, no class of men are so beset by every species of grievance. They maintain themselves to be the very "footballs" of evil fortune—kicked, cuffed and hustled about the world until they lose much of their sensibility, and all of their hope and faith. Now, these complaints are in part but a desperate effort to secure sympathy. The Editor, in constant communication with the public, falls into the habit of taking the public into his confidence. With a sort of preposterous self-exaltation and egotism, he chooses to regard the circle of his readers as a *family* circle, each member of which is deeply interested in his personal concerns. Thus, the Editor is too often led to nourish and parade an exorbitant self-esteem. Look, for example, at the case of a clever poet and essayist, also one of the Editors of the most popular weekly in America, who for years has been writing of himself—himself, himself—keeping, as it were, a public journal of his health and habits, recording to-day with a languid air, that the wind being at North East, he suffered from neuralgia in the lower roots of the left hand whisker, and tomorrow communicating the painful news of a rheumatic twinge in the tendon Achilles!

Nevertheless, there ARE some special annoyances connected with the profession. Among such of these as afflict the Magazine Editor, we would mention the reception of voluminous unsolicited contributions of all degrees of stupidity, which he is not only expected carefully to read, but (if he be blind enough to reject them,) duly to send back to their accomplished authors, by return mail—of course paying the postage, which is sometimes enormous, out of his own threadbare purse!

If he refuses, or is unable to do this, he is sure to receive in the course of a week any number of abusive letters, almost invariably ending with a pretty broad hint that he (the Editor) has mistaken his vocation, and that having failed to appreciate the profound essay of Mr. B., or the beautiful poem by Miss C., he had better vacate his post at once, and go to his proper business, which most likely is the raising of oxen

and sheep, or the cultivation of roots of Baga!

Another annoyance, and one not so endurable, results from mis-information as to the real ability of writers, who, having somehow gained a literary reputation, the Editor feels it incumbent upon him to secure—if possible—as regular collaborators.

From one of this class an article is solicited, and in due time received.—With the happy conviction that he is about to be instructed, interested or vastly amused, the Editor complacently turns over the pages of the new essay or treatise, or criticism, or biography, and is astonished to discover before he has proceeded a dozen pages, either that the performance is utterly worthless, and, therefore, inadmissible, or that in order to be brought to the condition of passing muster, it must be subjected to a process of pruning and weeding, whereby it shall be reduced to one-fourth of the original bulk!

With much pain and labour the Editor accomplishes this very necessary task. At length the essay (or whatever it may be,) assumes a presentable, perhaps even a most creditable shape. It is printed and becomes popular, but in the midst of a score of favourable criticisms—criticisms which, had the article appeared as *originally* written, would have damned with faint praise, or dealt in the sting of well-merited ridicule—a communication from the incensed author is tossed, like a bombshell, into the editorial sanctum, which, the moment the seal is removed, bursts into an explosive volley of harsh epithets, bitter reproaches and angry invectives, to the effect that the Editor (possibly in a spirit of envy unparalleled in meanness,) has stooped to deform and mutilate a paper which would otherwise have thrown his own literary pretensions wholly in the shade!

We might considerably extend the discussion of the subject, and bring many other annoyances to light. Our limited space warns us, however, to close here.

It was once remarked, in the hearing of a little girl of thirteen, that all things came by chance, and that the world, like a mushroom, sprang up in a night.

"I should like to know, Sir," asked the child, "where the *seed* came from!"

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*Sinai, the Hedjaz and Soudan: Wanderings around the birth-place of the Prophet and across the Ethiopian Desert, from Sawakin to Chartum. By James Hamilton, author of "Wanderings in South Africa. London: Bentley. Charleston: Russell & Jones. 1857.*

It is a comfortable thing to travel—by proxy; to sit in one's arm chair, before a comfortable fire, or in a pleasant shade, as the case may be, and traverse the world's wonders with no fear of suffering from polar snows or tropic suns, or the probable lack of something to wear, or, still worse, of something to eat; with some other to swallow train oil and whale blubber among the Greenland icebergs, or melted butter, of a castor oil flavour, with the good people of Soudan; with another's carcass to be pounded to soreness on the backs of camels, or stuffed to bursting by Arab etiquette in the Hedjaz; with a representative to be fleeced by rapacious Sheiks and contractors for dromedary staging, or to tumble off their humps to the danger of limbs or life, to engage in tiger shooting or bagging lions, like Cummins or his French compatriot, with the Atlantic between us and them, to scramble up mountains or fall down precipices, or to be frozen up for years in seas of ice, with no sun or stars for months to look at, and with the comfortable assurance that our bones may be numbed by white bears—or excite the sympathetic commiseration of subsequent voyagers—all this is pleasant enough. We cannot be too grateful to such gentlemen as Mr. Hamilton for acting in this representative capacity, and introducing us to so many strange things for our amusement or information. It adds to the enjoyment in all these cases that we get to regard the proxy who is doing our traveling for us as a friend or companion. We acquire in him a pleasant acquaintance, who gives us no trouble or annoyance by his most wayward humours. We bear his worst caprices with perfect equanimity. Indeed, it may be said that they add to our enjoyment. If we share, in some measure, his difficulties, dangers and privations, we have nevertheless the

agreeable consciousness of encountering the one and bearing the other with unshaken resolution and fortitude. At the same time we enjoy all that he enjoys with at least equal zest and with less wearisomeness of mind and body. Fancy surpasses fact. His descriptions are suggestive and our imagination clothes his scenes with brighter colours than their own, and overlooks all their deficiencies and defects. It is this power which gives mysterious properties to the moving columns of sand whirling over the desert, and converts them into gins or monsters in chase of each other, and we exercise its strength more freely because more securely, than the traveling proxy who is in danger of being suffocated by the phenomenon that arouses its exercise.

Among these proxies traveling for the benefit of home keeping wits, there are not many more pleasant than Mr. Hamilton. He is very much of a John Bull, it is true, with an unshaken conviction of the surpassing excellence of his own country, from which he has run away, and a supercilious contempt for all the countries for which he has exchanged his own for a season; with a horror of domestic slavery worthy of Clarkson, while he admits that the slave is unhappy when released from his bondage; and with a firm belief that nothing is needed for the regeneration of all nations, but the active interference of England in their usages and laws, altering and improving according to her model of civilization and happiness.

Mr. Hamilton, spending his time listlessly, as he says, in Cairo, gazing at passing travelers and amused with the variegated population of the city, was induced by a friend on his way to India, to accompany him a part of the way. They rode to Suez by the route where a railroad is preparing to be. From Suez they sailed in a boat of the country. The skipper was no classical scholar, but his rule, nevertheless, was *festina lente*—make haste slowly. It is the maxim of his tribe and people, and very odious to travelers who have nothing to do. They visited Sinai, and Mr. Hamilton describes effectively the desolate region of dark, rugged, granite mountains, on

which Moses received the law for his stiff-necked followers. The traveler seems to think the craving of the Israelites for the pleasant fields, to say nothing of the flesh-pots of Egypt, not an unnatural feeling contrasted as these were with the desert of black and stoney desolation, to which they had migrated. He describes the gusts of wind rushing down the ravines of the mountain as bringing intense cold, and with it showers of triangular stones worse than the most furious hail storms, making a sad exchange for the pleasant breezes, and green pastures and genial atmosphere of the land of Goshen. The travelers were entertained in the Convent, and the worthy fathers exhibited as keen an appreciation of the value of a consideration, as a broker in Wall street dealing in suspended bank paper.

The traveler's next port of arrival was Jeddah, on the coast of the Hedjaz. It is a place of increasing importance, and a population drawn from all the nations of the world. Among them were large numbers of pilgrims to the shrine of the Prophet, from the Moslems of India. From this point they paid a visit to the Sherif of Arabia, descended from the family of the Prophet, and a holy man in the eyes of all Arabs. He is described as an intelligent and accomplished gentleman, and entertained his guests sumptuously. His residence is not far from Mecca, in a country of green valleys or wadys, with palms, apricots and other fruits, producing wheat and abounding in flocks and herds. In going there, the travelers passed Mecca on the left, and on their return again passed it on the same side by a different road, thus making the circuit of the holy Caaba at a distance, however, sufficiently great to satisfy the most rigid worshipper of the Prophet.

Mr. Hamilton appears to entertain a favourable opinion of the Arab law-giver in the main. He not only thinks him entitled to the praise of great ability, but to the commendation of a reformer of the pagan creeds and practices of his countrymen. He was not, in his opinion, a mere vulgar imposter, like Joe Smith or Brigham Young, deceiving for his personal advantage only, but was a believer in his own mission. He was neither avaricious nor rapacious, and his worldly goods, at his death, were almost nothing.

From Jeddah, Mr. Hamilton sailed to Sarawak, on the African side of the Red Sea, in stormy weather, with no little discomfort from dirt and vermin, the accompaniment of all Arab ships. The journey across the country from Sarawak to Chartum, was accomplished,

after much delay, by a circuitous route, on dromedary back, with unruly and sulky conductors, through a region sometimes desert, sometimes exceedingly fertile, abounding in flocks and herds of cattle and camels, from whose simple shepherds the weary and hungry travelers were able to obtain ready supplies of milk, rich and foaming, though in somewhat unsightly and unclean vessels, always without money, "for the love of God." Mr. Hamilton thinks the country one of great capabilities, agricultural and commercial. But the people are oppressed by the Egyptian Pasha, who makes all improvement impossible. If this despotic power, however, is hateful and injurious to the people of Soudan, it is a talisman of safety to the traveler. The process by which it acts is as simple as it is efficacious. If a traveler is plundered or otherwise ill-treated, a certain number of purses is levied by the troops of the Pasha on the whole district. Every one is thus constituted a guardian of the passing European, ready to defend and help him. Under this safeguard, Mr. Hamilton passed unmolested, even by wild beasts, though sometimes a little frightened by them, from the Red Sea to the city of Chartum, at the confluence of the Blue and the White Nile.

Chartum is a place of recent growth. It is increasing in importance and population, though the climate is detestable, something like that of the engine room of a steamboat, when the steam is abroad and the outside atmosphere somewhere about ninety. It is the entrepot of Egyptian commerce with the South. Here Mr. Hamilton saw much jollification, dancing girls of various kinds, great hospitality, and some hard drinking. The drink, however, is all taken as medicine, the climate being very sickly and the virulent nature of its diseases rendering homœopathic doses utterly absurd. Two or three bottles of wine, therefore, together with sundries of porter, brandy and other matters, are taken daily as alteratives or preventives. Notwithstanding this, life is short at Chartum, which is a strong evidence of the sickness of the place.

Mr. Hamilton thinks that there is good reason to believe in the speedy solution of the great geographical problem that has perplexed the world for so many thousand years, and that the secretive temper of the Nile will be at last overcome. We hope so, and that Mr. Hamilton may be there to see, to travel for us, and tell us all about it. In the meantime we thank him for the pleasant moments he has already imparted, and hope that his shadow may never grow less.



*The Shadow Worshipper and other Poems.* By Frank Lee Benedict. J. S. Redfield. 1857.

This volume is introduced with a preface by Mrs. Anne S. Stephens, recently one of the editors of Peterson's Philadelphia Magazine, in the course of which we are informed that the author of "*The Shadow Worshipper*" is "but just of legal age, that his literary studies have been the promptings of his own mind, carried on in the early part in secrecy, and unaided at any time either by literary friendships or example." Much of this the reader would, we think, have discovered for himself, since anything more crude, undigested and inartistic than the contents of Mr. Benedict's book, it is difficult to conceive of. In parts we discover signs of cleverness, but when we revert to the poetry which has been published by others "just of legal age," by Shelley, Keats, Byron and Kirk White, we cannot help looking upon "*The Shadow Worshipper*," and the other poems which compose the volume before us, as productions which should have remained in the writer's portfolio, or at any rate, been produced only in a modest and private way at the special request of personal friends.

*The Hasheesh Eater, being Passages in the Life of a Pythagorean.* Harper & Brothers, New York.

This book, which we understand to be the production of a young man of twenty-one, is a curious and interesting publication. Although in general style and conception, bearing the unmistakable marks of having been suggested by the famous "Confessions" of De Quincey, yet it is a harsh criticism which would consign this revelation of Hasheesh deliriums to the rank of a mere imitation. A mere imitation the work is not. There are evidences in it of an individuality of thought which indicates very considerable subtlety and force of endowment. Moreover, the experiences recorded, appear—notwithstanding some extravagance of expression—to be truthfully told. The author keeps, or contrives effectually to make his reader believe, that he keeps good faith with the public. In a word, we look upon the book as genuine, and in all important points worthy of credence. Under this conviction, we have followed the Hasheesh Eater, step by step, through the multifarious labyrinths of a journey which leads far beyond the beaten ways of our "dim diurnal sphere." The interest of the work is chiefly psychological. It discourses of the myste-

ries of the spirit, and even professes to furnish certain novel phenomena, which may throw some light upon the occult and difficult investigations of the most engrossing of human sciences. The effect of Hasheesh differs in many important particulars from the effect of any other drug with which we are acquainted.

It is a stimulus of wonderful potency, acting so profoundly upon the brain and intellectual functions, as to produce results the most startling and peculiar. But what, the reader asks, is Hasheesh, and how does it work? Let us begin at the beginning. The hemp plant flourishes with equal vigour, both in Northern and Southern latitudes. But in the torrid zone it secretes a glutinous substance, which gives to it a somewhat distinctive character, and on this account Botanists have called it the *Cannabis Indica*, (or Indian hemp,) in contradistinction to the *Cannabis Sativa*, which, growing free of fibre, becomes in virtue of this quality the great resource for mats and cordage. The gluten which adheres to the *Cannabis Indica* is Hasheesh. It is a favorite stimulant among all Eastern nations, being employed sometimes "in the state in which it exudes from the mature stalk, as a crude resin, and at others after having been manufactured into a conserve with clarified butter, honey and spices."

Our Hasheesh Eater, who is, or was until recently, a student of medicine, experimented, he says, upon every drug which came in his way, with a self-devoted heroism, or a hardly folly—as the reader may choose to view it—which is rather unusual, we suppose, among the disciples of the healing art. He exhausted the whole *Materia Medica*, from salts and rhubarb to the elixir of opium. Nor was he behindhand in testing the more dangerous rethetics. "With the chloroform bottle beneath my nose, I have," he says, "set myself careering upon the wings of a thrilling and accelerating life, until I had just enough power remaining to restore the liquid to the place upon the shelf, and sink back to the enjoyment of the delicious apathy which lasted through the few succeeding moments. Now, ether was substituted for chloroform, and the difference of their phenomena noted, &c." "When," he goes on to observe, "the circuit of all the accessible tests was completed, I ceased experimenting, and sat down like a pharmaceutical Alexander, with no more drug-worlds to conquer." But from this condition of complacent knowledge and supremacy, the writer was destined to be aroused.

One morning while lounging in an apothecary's store, the proprietor—his friend—notified him of the arrival of a

fresh assortment of drugs. Glancing carelessly over them, he encountered the label "Cannabis Indica." With his usual hardihood, he took down the bottle, removed the cork, and was about to swallow a small portion of an "olive brown extract" with "an aromatic smell," when the doctor informed him that the stuff was poison! This intelligence dampened his ardour for the moment, but he "spent the remainder of the morning in consulting the Dispensatory," the result of which was, that waiting until he was alone, he made up a pile of the "extract sufficient to balance the ten grain weight of the sanctorial scales, and this, on the authority of Pereira, &c., he swallowed without a tremor." But not the "shadow of a phenomenon" followed the dose. Gradually, however, he added to the size and strength of his pills, until, one evening half an hour after tea, he partook of a bolus of *thirty grains*. Doubting the success of this experiment—all the former ones having proved abortive—the Hasheesh Eater went to pass the evening at the house of a friend. From this point the author shall tell his own story:

"In music and conversation the time passed pleasantly. The clock struck ten, reminding me that three hours had elapsed since the dose was taken, and as yet not an unusual symptom had appeared. I was provoked to think that this trial was as fruitless as its predecessors.

Ha! what means this sudden thrill? A shock, as of some unimagined vital force, shoots without warning through my entire frame, leaping to my fingers' ends, piercing my brain, startling me till I almost spring from my chair.

I could not doubt it. I was in the power of the hasheesh influence. My first emotion was one of uncontrollable terror—a sense of getting something which I had not bargained for. That moment I would have given all I had or hoped to have to be as I was three hours before.

No pain any where—not a *twinge* in any fibre—yet a cloud of unutterable strangeness was settling upon me, and wrapping me impenetrably in from all that was natural or familiar. Endearment, faces, well known to me of old, surrounded me, yet they were not with me in my loneliness. I had entered upon a tremendous life which they could not share. If the disembodied ever return to hover over the hearth-stone which once had a seat for them, they look upon their friends as I then looked upon mine. A nearness of place, with an infinite distance of state, a connection which had no possible sympathies for the wants of

that hour of revelation, an isolation none the less perfect for seeming companionship. Still I spoke; a question was put to me, and I answered it; I even laughed at a bon mot. Yet it was not my voice which spoke. For a while I knew nothing that was going on externally, and then the remembrance of the last remark which had been made returned slowly and indistinctly, as some trait of a dream will return after many days, puzzling us to say where we have been conscious of it before.

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Perhaps I was acting strangely. Suddenly a pair of busy hands, which had been running neck and neck all the evening with a nimble little crochet-needle over a race-ground of pink and blue silk, stopped at their goal, and their owner looked at me steadfastly. Ah! I was found out—I had betrayed myself. In terror I waited, expecting every instant to hear the word "hasheesh." No, the lady only asked me some question connected with the previous conversation. As mechanically as an automaton I began to reply. As I heard once more the alien and unreal tones of my own voice, I became convinced that it was some one else who spoke, and in another world. I sat and listened; still the voice kept speaking. Now for the first time I experienced the vast change which hasheesh makes in all measurements of time. The first word of the reply occupied a period sufficient for the action of a drama; the last left me in complete ignorance of any point far enough back in the past to date the commencement of the sentence. Its enunciation might have occupied years. I was not in the same life which had held me when I heard it begun.

And now, with time, space expanded also. At my friend's house one particular arm-chair was always reserved for me. I was sitting in it at a distance of hardly three feet from the centre-table around which the members of the family were grouped. Rapidly that distance widened. The whole atmosphere seemed ductile, and spun endlessly out into great spaces surrounding me on every side. We were in a vast hall, of which my friends and I occupied extremities. The ceiling and the walls ran upward with a gliding motion, as if vivified by a sudden force of resistless growth.

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In the midst of my complicated hallucination, I could perceive that I had a dual existence. One portion of me was whirled unresistingly along the track of this tremendous experience, the other sat looking down from a height upon its double, observing, reasoning, and serenely weighing all the phenomena.—

This calmer being suffered with the other by sympathy, but did not lose its self-possession. Presently it warned me that I must go home, lest the growing effect of the hasheesh should incite me to some act which might frighten my friends. I acknowledged the force of this remark very much, as if it had been made by another person, and rose to take my leave. I advanced toward the centre-table. With every step its distance increased. I nerved myself as for a long pedestrian journey. Still the lights, the faces, the furniture receded. At last, almost unconsciously, I reached them. It would be tedious to attempt to convey the idea of the time which my leave-taking consumed, and the attempt, at least with all minds that have not passed through the same experience, would be as impossible as tedious. At last I was in the street.

Beyond me the view stretched endlessly away. It was an unconverging vista, whose nearest lamps seemed separated from me by leagues. I was doomed to pass through a merciless stretch of space. A soul just disenthralled, setting out for his flight beyond the farthest visible star, could not be more overwhelmed with his newly-acquired conception of the sublimity of distance, than I was at that moment. Solemnly I began my infinite journey.

Before long I walked in entire unconsciousness of all around me. I dwelt in a marvelous inner world. I existed by turns in different places and various states of being. Now I swept my gondola through the moonlit lagoons of Venice. Now Alp on Alp towered above my view, and the glory of the coming sun flashed purple light upon the topmost icy pinnacle. Now in the primeval silence of some unexplored tropical forest I spread my feathery leaves, a giant fern, and swayed and nodded in the spice-gales over a river whose waves at once sent up clouds of music and perfume. My soul changed to a vegetable essence, thrilled with a strange and unimagined ecstasy. The palace of Al Haroun could not have bought me back to humanity.

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The following dwells more especially on the physical effects of hasheesh:

It soon required all my resolution to keep the secret which I had determined to hold inviolable. My sensations began to be terrific—not from any pain that I felt, but from the tremendous mystery of all around me and within me. *By an appalling introversion, all the operations of vitality which, in our ordinary state, go on unconsciously, came vividly into my experience.* Through every thinnest corporeal tissue and minutest

vein I could trace the circulation of the blood along each inch of its progress. I knew when every valve opened and when it shut; every sense was preternaturally awakened; the room was full of a great glory. The beating of my heart was so clearly audible that I wondered to find it unnoticed by those who were sitting by my side. *Lo, now, that heart became a great fountain, whose jet played upward with loud vibrations, and, striking upon the roof of my skull as on a gigantic dome, fell back with a splash and echo into its reservoir.* Faster and faster came the pulsations, until at last I heard them no more, and the stream became one continuously pouring flood, whose roar resounded through all my frame. I gave myself up for lost, since judgment, which still sat unimpaired above my perverted senses, argued that congestion must take place in a few moments, and close the drama with my death. But my clutch would not yet relax from hope. The thought struck me, Might not this rapidity of circulation be, after all, imaginary. I determined to find out.

Going to my own room, I took out my watch, and placed my hand upon my heart. The very effort which I made to ascertain the reality, gradually brought perception back to its natural state. In the intensity of my observations, I began to perceive that the circulation was not as rapid as I had thought. From a pulseless flow it gradually came to be apprehended as a hurrying succession of intense throbs, then less swift and less intense, till finally, on comparing it with the second-hand, I found that about 90 a minute was its average rapidity. Greatly comforted, I desisted from the experiment."

The other experiences of the Hasheesh Eater all bear a generic resemblance to this. They differ, of course, very materially in details, and towards the close of the rash experiment, they assume a sombre and terrific character, but still the general features and phenomena are the same. Sometimes the dreamer fancied himself imprisoned "by a weird enchanter in the Domdaniel caves under the roots of the ocean;" sometimes he looked upon Eternity, and in the "sublime revelation of the soul's own time, and her capacity for an infinite life, he stood trembling with awe," then he "withered in Etna, and burned unquenchably in Gehenna," and again horror and pain giving place to the grotesque, "the walls bristled with hippogripps, toucans and maceataws, swung and nodded from their palm perches, whilst Centaurs and Lapithæ clashed in ferocious conflict."

It is in details like these that the au-

thor treads but too closely in De Quincey's footsteps; and unfortunately it happens that so many of his illusions partake of Oriental imagery and description, that conclusions most unfavourable to his originality are inevitable.—Those, therefore, who read the book superficially, will pronounce it to be at best but a faithful echo. Such an opinion, however, (as we before remarked,) does the author injustice. He is evidently a scholar; and a man of brilliant talents, uniting the metaphysical and imaginative faculties, and born, we think, to accomplish something definite in the domain of letters. He has simply made a mistake in the *subject* to which this, his first production, is devoted.—The field had been too fully and ably occupied already.

Before closing the present notice, there are some questions connected with the custom—becoming but too common, of challenging the attention of the public to a laboured analysis of states of mind and body superinduced by artificial means—which well deserve a consideration. These are questions both of expediency and morals.

We assume it as a settled fact, that the craving for stimulus of some kind is a general, if not a universal characteristic of humanity. The craving manifests itself in different ways. In a man of grovelling mind and character, whose spirit and intellect are smothered under a load of flesh and fleshly lusts, it suggests the gross excitants of gin or whiskey; in one of imaginative bias, it points with many blandishments to some more ethereal agent of empyreal thoughts and fancies. All of us must groan at times under the load of our mortal cares; the chains of the earthly bondage become too heavy to be worn with patience, and *then* it is that men strive to drown memory, remorse, or passion, in some draught of frenzy, or sweet repentance grown upon the banks of the River of Oblivion.—Who has not longed, like the weary Lotos Eaters,

“Branches to bear of that enchanted stem,

Laden with fruit and flower, whereof they gave

To each, but whoso did receive of them And taste, to him the gushing of the wave

Far, far away, did seem to mourn and rave

On alien shores; and if his fellow spake, His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;

And deep asleep He seemed, yet all awake,

And music in his ears his beating heart did make.”

Not only, however, do we desire to escape from our sordid troubles, the passion is strong within us to seize upon whatever means may offer to create for us a realm of *positive* delights. The ordinary vulgar stimulants cannot serve such a purpose. The tendency of wine, for example, is, as De Quincey remarks, to mount to a climax, after which depression and lethargy ensue. Now, any stimulant which—like opium—is *even* in its results, promoting a calm intensity of action, and that action purely intellectual, must possess a peculiar fascination for minds of the higher order.

De Quincey's revelation of the effects of this drug upon his own constitution, exaggerated as the revelation doubtless is, has, we believe, been infinitely injurious to that class of men whose aims and mental sympathies are akin to his own. We may fancy one of this class exclaiming—“If it be possible for me, by the employment of opium, to live for years in a region of exaltation, conceptive and imaginative, then am I ready to dare the after penalty, whatever may be its terrors!” And hundreds, perhaps thousands of brave and lofty spirits, acting upon the suggestions of a sophistry like this, have sacrificed themselves to an abnormal excitement, the fruits of which are so unspeakably bitter!

And now, under the guise of scientific ardour, another experimenter in what should be considered forbidden lore, comes forward, and enlightens the world in relation to the charms and terrors of a comparatively unknown drug. The fascinations of Hasheesh are of a kind to exert a powerful influence upon the high-strung, delicate, aspiring and imaginative nature. Once tempted practically to test its dangerous qualities, who can predict where the experimenter may stop? It is not every man who possesses our Hasheesh Eater's strength of will.

Such considerations have caused us seriously to doubt the propriety, nay, the morality of all “Confessions” which originate in the natural but injudicious confidences of Opium and Hasheesh Eaters. These gentlemen would do well to practice the virtue of reticence—to wear their hearts less openly upon their sleeves—because, so vivid is the desire in the human soul to enter upon higher modes of pleasure and activity, that the unfolding of the means by which the desire may be gratified, only adds one more temptation to the already fearful sum of our earthly trials. Especially should temptations of this description be kept out of the view of those who, while most keenly alive to their seductions, are sure to pay finally the heaviest penalty for yielding to them.

*Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and A Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loando on the West Coast, thence across the Continent, down the River Zambia, to the Eastern Ocean.* By David Livingstone, L.L.D., D.C.L. Harper & Brothers: New York.

This large octavo of *seven hundred and thirty-two pages*, filled with engravings, and illustrated by numerous and well-defined maps, cannot, of course, be reviewed by us in the limited space of an editorial paragraph. We must content ourselves with an announcement of the publication of the work, and an expression of the great interest with which we have read the first six chapters, beyond which we have not as yet had the leisure to accompany the author. The style, *so far*, is terse, simple, vigorous and idiomatic—just the sort of style we like in a traveler.

Among the entertaining passages which we have already encountered, is the following honest detail of a dialogue between the Missionary under the title of *Medical Doctor*, and one of the necromantic *Rain Doctors* of the country.—The *Medical Doctor* gets, we think, rather the worst of the argument:

MEDICAL DOCTOR.—Hail friend! How very many medicines you have about you this morning? Why, you have every medicine in the country here.

RAIN DOCTOR.—Very true, my friend; and I ought, for the whole country needs the rain which I am making.

M. D.—So you really believe that you command the clouds? I think that can be done by God alone.

R. D.—We both believe the very same thing. It is God that makes the rain, but I pray to him by means of these medicines, and the rain coming, of course it is then mine.

M. D.—But we are distinctly told in the parting words of our Saviour, that we can pray to God acceptably in *His* name alone, and not by means of medicines.

R. D.—Truly! but God told us differently. He made black men first, and did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns and gunpowder, and horses and wagons, and many other things about which we know nothing. But towards us he had no heart. He gave us nothing except the assegai, and cattle, and *rain making*; and he did not give us hearts like yours. We never love each other. Other tribes place medicines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed

by hunger, and go to them and augment their power. We must dissolve their charms by our medicines. God has given us one little thing of which you know nothing. He has given us the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. We do not despise those things which you possess, though ignorant of them. You ought not to despise *our* little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it.

M. D.—I don't despise what I am ignorant of. I only think you are mistaken in saying you have medicines which can influence the rain at all.

R. D.—That's just the way people speak when they talk on a subject of which they have no knowledge. When we first opened our eyes we found our forefathers making rain, and we follow in their footsteps. You, who send to Kuruman for corn and irrigate your garden, may do without rain—we cannot manage in that way. If we had no rain the cattle would have no pasture, the cows give no milk, and children become lean and die, our wives run away to other tribes who *do* make rain and have corn, and the whole tribe become dispersed and lost. Our fire would go out!

M. D.—I quite agree with you as to the *value* of the rain, but you cannot charm the clouds by medicines. You wait till you see the clouds come, and then you use your medicines, and take the credit which belongs to God only.

R. D.—I use my medicines, and you employ yours; we are *both* Doctors, and Doctors are *not* deceivers. You give a patient medicine. Sometimes God is pleased to heal him by means of your medicine, sometimes not—he dies.—When he is cured *you* take the credit of what God does. I do the same. Sometimes God grants us rain, sometimes not. When he does we take the credit of the charm. When a patient dies, you don't give up trust in your medicine; neither do I when rain fails. If you wish me to leave off my medicines, why continue your own?

M. D.—I give medicines to living creatures within reach, and can see the effects, though no cure follows; you pretend to charm the clouds which are so far above us that your medicines can't reach them. The clouds usually lie in one direction, and your smoke goes in another. God alone can command the clouds. Only try and wait patiently. God will give us rain without your medicines.

R. D.—Mahala-ma-kapa-a-a!! Well, I always thought white men were wise till this morning. Who ever thought of making trial of starvation? Is death pleasant then?

M. D.—Could you make it rain on one spot, and not on another?

R. D.—I wouldn't think of trying. I like to see the whole country green, and all the people glad, the women clapping their hands and giving me their ornaments for thankfulness, and lulli-looing for joy!

M. D.—I think you deceive both them and yourself.

R. D.—Then there's a pair of us (meaning both are rogues.)

A number of notices of new books have been unavoidably crowded out of the present number. We acknowledge the reception of *Romantic Passages in Southwestern History—Songs and Poems of the South—Ancient Philosophy*, by Wm. Archer Butler—*Carolina Tribute to Calhoun*—1st vol. of *Collections of the Historical Society of South Carolina*, from S. G. Courtenay & Co.—*Shaw's English Literature—Trescott's American Diplomatic History—Spanish Conquest in America*—and 2 volumes (*The Monastery*) of Ticknor & Fields' *Household Edition of the Waverley Novels*.

All these works shall be duly noticed in our February issue.

Of almost the whole school of French novelists who existed and wrote a quarter of a century since, (there has been a wonderful improvement in the French novel of late years,) the criticism of Poe upon Michel Masson, the author of "*Le Cœur d'une Jeune Fille*," may be endorsed with some qualification:

"A corrupt and impious heart—a prurient fancy—a Saturnian brain in which invention has only the phosphorescent glimmer of rottenness—worthless body and soul—a reproach to the Nation that engendered and endures him. Less scrupulous than a carrion crow, and not very much less filthy than a Wilmer."

It is a profound and most feeling remark of De Quincey's, that to one who has lost a friend by death, (even supposing his faith to be the strongest,) there is a terrible sting in the thought,

that however glorified by the process, the loved one *must be changed*. In illustration he puts the case: "Let a Magician ask any woman whether she will permit him to improve her child, to raise it even from deformity to perfect beauty, if that must be done at the cost of its identity, and there is no loving mother but would reject his proposal with horror. \* \* All of us ask not of God for a better thing than that we have lost, we ask for the SAME, even its faults and its frailties."

This little poem (exquisite, we think, in its ingenious and rich, yet most natural fancy,) we copy from a late number of the "*Charleston Courier*." It is written by Henry Timrod, and is entitled "*Baby's Age*."

She came with April blooms and show-  
ers;  
We count her little life by flowers.  
As buds the rose upon her cheek,  
We choose a flower for every week.  
A week of hyacinths, we say,  
And one of heart's ease, ushered May;  
And then because two wishes met  
Upon the rose and violet—  
I liked the Beauty, Kate the Nun—  
The violet and the rose count one.  
A week the apple marked with white;  
A week the lily scored in light;  
Red poppies closed May's happy noon,  
And tulips this blue week in June.  
Here end as yet the flowery links;  
To-day begins the week of pinks;  
But soon—so grave, and deep, and wise,  
The meaning grows in Baby's eyes,  
So very deep for Baby's age—  
We think to date a week with sage!

M. Villeneuve has published, in two stout volumes, his "*Histoire d'Allemagne*"—a work, it is asserted, distinguishing itself by a great impartiality. The author divides the history of Germany into ten epochs; and in those periods, which have been treated, before him, in Prof. Luden's classical work on German history, follows that predecessor with great judgment.—Every epoch is preceded by a chapter on the development of Art and Science.